# In Memoriam.

## THOMAS SMYTH, D.D.

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# IN MEMORIAM.

CHARLESTON, S. C.
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1874.

A noble mission is fulfilled,
The dear, brave, faithful lips are stilled,
The great heart's dumb;
The busy hands find rest at last,
The work is o'er, the conflict's past,
And peace is come!

The "faith" was "kept," the "course" was run,
The final vict'ry grandly won;
And now the King
Doth grace that brow, all seamed with scars,
With wondrous "crown" of *many stars*,
While anthems ring.

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["*Charleston Daily News and Courier, August 21st, 1873.*"]

## THE REV. THOMAS SMYTH, D. D.

The community will be pained to learn of the demise of the Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D., which event occurred at his residence in Meeting street, yesterday afternoon, at five o'clock. Dr. Smyth was born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1808, and was educated at the college in that place, from which he graduated with the highest honors. After leaving college he went to London and began to prepare himself for the duties of the ministry by the study of theology. After a successful course of studies, in which he gained distinguished honors, at the age of twenty-two years, he determined to come to America. He arrived in this country in the year 1830, and at once resumed his studies at Princeton College, New Jersey. He remained there about one year, and at the expiration of that time was about to start upon a Missionary tour to Florida, when a circumstance occurred which had an important bearing upon his future life. A letter was received by the Faculty of the College from the congregation of the Second Presbyterian Church of this city, asking them to recommend a young Minister to supply the pulpit of that Church. The Faculty unanimously and cordially recommended Dr. Smyth, and earnestly urged his acceptance of the trust. In compliance with this request, he left Princeton, and arrived in Charleston in the year 1831. Immediately upon his arrival he entered upon the discharge of those duties which he so faithfully performed during a period of years extending over almost a half a cen-

tury. In July, 1832, soon after his arrival in this city, he married the eldest daughter of Mr. James Adger. He continued to fill the pulpit of the Second Presbyterian Church (better known of late as Dr. Smyth's Church, from his long pastorate) until about two years ago, when failing health compelled him to resign the active duties of his position to more youthful hands. He was, however, at once elected Honorary Pastor, and frequently conducted divine service even up to within a short time of his death. In September, 1843, the College at Princeton, N. J., conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Dr. Smyth was a man of liberal education and large attainments. He was indefatigable in the pursuit of knowledge, and in his early life graduated both at medicine and law. He is the author of over thirty works upon theological subjects, which survive him, and which give him a deserved eminence in the world of letters. In 1840 he published in book form a series of lectures on the "Prelatical Doctrine of Apostolic Succession," which was very widely read and commented upon. About the same time he issued an "Ecclesiastical Catechism of the Presbyterian Church," and both volumes were by the Synod of South Carolina and Georgia "cordially recommended as works of high value." A work on "Ecclesiastical Republicanism" was published soon after, and this was followed by his celebrated book, "Presbytery and Not Prelacy," which is still considered high authority in the Presbyterian Church. He was a zealous and faithful worker in the "vineyard of the Lord," and his long life of usefulness abounded in good works. In the prime of his manhood he was stricken with paralysis, and in 1853, while on his re-

turn from the Presbyterian General Assembly, he was again stricken so severely that for a time all hopes of his life were given up. His indomitable energy of will, however, sustained him, and although ever afterwards a cripple, he persevered to the end in the work to which he had devoted his life. While, however, the vigor of his intellect was preserved to the end of his life, his health became greatly impaired, and when the summons came it found him ready and willing to give an account of his stewardship. His private virtues matched the purity of his public life, and his memory will long be revered by the flock to whose welfare the labor of his life was devoted.

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[*"Charleston Evening Chronicle," August* 21*st*, 1873.]

## DEATH OF AN EMINENT CLERGYMAN.

Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D., late Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of this city, died at his residence in Meeting street yesterday afternoon, at five o'clock. Dr. Smyth was born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1808, and was educated at the College in that place, from which he graduated with the highest honors. After leaving College he went to London and began to prepare himself for the duties of the ministry by the study of theology. After a successful course of studies, in which he gained distinguished honors, at the age of twenty-two years he determined to come to America. He arrived in this country in the year 1830, and at once resumed his

studies at Princeton College, New Jersey. He remained there about one year, and at the expiration of that time accepted a call from the Second Presbyterian Church, and arrived in Charleston in the year 1831. Immediately upon his arrival he entered upon the discharge of those duties which he so faithfully performed during a period of years extending over almost a half century. In July, 1832, he married the eldest daughter of Mr. James Adger. He continued to fill the pulpit of the Second Presbyterian Church, (better known as Dr. Smyth's Church, from his long pastorate,) until about two years ago, when failing health compelled him to resign the active duties of his position to more youthful hands. He was, however, at once elected Honorary Pastor, and frequently conducted divine service even up to within a short time of his death.

Dr. Smyth was the author of several works on theological subjects, the most celebrated of which was the book bearing the title, "Presbytery not Prelacy."

The deceased clergyman was greatly beloved by his flock, and widely esteemed outside of his congregation, for his culture, benevolence and many private virtues.

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["*Charleston Daily News and Courier*," *August 22d*, 1873.]

## THE LATE DR. SMYTH.

The funeral services of the late Dr. Thomas Smyth will take place at twelve o'clock to-day, at the Second Presbyterian Church, of which he was for over forty years the beloved pastor.

## FUNERAL NOTICE.

SMYTH.—Died in this city, on the 20th of August, 1873, the Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D., in the 66th year of his age.

His friends and acquaintances are invited to attend his funeral services to-day, at twelve o'clock, at the Second Presbyterian Church.

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["*Charleston Evening Chronicle*," *August 22d*, 1873.]

## FUNERAL OBSEQUIES OF DR. SMYTH.

Impressive funeral services were held to-day, at 12 o'clock, in the Second Presbyterian Church, over the remains of the late Rev. Dr. Smyth, who was the beloved Pastor of the Church for a period of over forty years. A large number of our most prominent citizens attended, and the sadness visible in the countenances of all present revealed how deeply was felt the loss of this noted clergyman and venerated pastor.

The services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Brackett, Assistant Minister of the Church, assisted by Rev. Mr. Girardeau, and a choir composed of Miss Chisolm, soprano, Miss Hanikan, alto, Mr. McCormick, tenor, and Mr. Darby, bass. As the coffin was borne into the Church, the organist of the Church played a solemn dirge, followed by the choir chanting "Nearer my God to Thee." Rev. Mr. Brackett then read a portion of the Psalms bearing upon the death of God's elect, as tending to be a source of comfort and consolation to the relatives and friends of the departed. The Minister was deeply affected, and

at times so overcome was he, that his voice was scarcely audible.

Rev. Mr. Girardeau then addressed the vast audience, and as his words of commendation of the dead, and encouragement to the living, fell upon their ears, tears freely flowed, and the scene was deeply affecting. The choir then sang, at the request of the family, "Jesus, lover of my soul."

At the conclusion of the services the remains were borne to the churchyard adjoining, and placed beside the sleeping children of the deceased, in the lot known as the Adger lot, and then the sorrowful multitude turned away, leaving the dead in its last repose to await the final summons to appear before the great white throne, to receive the reward due his great labors among men.

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["*Charleston Daily News and Courier*," *August 23d*, 1873.]

## OBSEQUIES OF THE REV. DR. SMYTH.

The funeral services of the late Rev. Dr. Thomas Smyth took place at the Second Presbyterian Church at noon yesterday. The interior of the building was draped in mourning, the pulpit and reading desk being covered with black bombazine and crape, and the pillars being festooned with the same material. From the brackets on each side of the pulpit were hung wreaths of white flowers. Long before the hour appointed for the services, the body of the Church was crowded and the north gallery was filled with colored people. At twelve o'clock the funeral cortege arrived at the Church, and the coffin was taken from the hearse by the pall-bearers and conveyed to the foot of

the altar, in which the deceased had ministered for so many years. The pall-bearers were selected from each of the Protestant denominations in the city, and consisted of the following clergymen: Rev. John Forrest, D. D., of the Scotch Presbyterian Church; Rev. Jno. T. Wightman, D. D., of Bethel Methodist Church; Rev. W. S. Bowman, of the Wentworth street Lutheran Church; Rev. John Johnson, of St. Philip's Episcopal Church; Rev. W. H. Adams, of the Circular (Congregational) Church; Rev. L. H. Shuck, of the First Baptist Church; Rev. W. C. Dana, of the Central Presbyterian Church; Rev. R. D. Smart, of the Spring street Methodist Church. When the remains were placed in the Church, the choir sang in exquisite and touching strains the hymn "Nearer my God to Thee."

The Rev. G. R. Brackett then read the following selections from the Scriptures:

"We are strangers and sojourners, as all our fathers were." "One generation passeth away and another cometh." "Your fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever?"

"Abraham gave up the Ghost and died in a good old age, an old man, and full of years, and was gathered to his people."

"When Jacob had made an end of commanding his sons, he gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the Ghost, and was gathered unto his people."

"Joseph saw Ephraim's children of the third generation, and Joseph said unto his brethren, I die; so Joseph died, being one hundred and ten years old."

"And Aaron died on the top of the Mount; and when all the congregation saw that Aaron was dead, they mourned for him thirty days, even all the house of Israel."

"And Samuel died, and all the Israelites were gathered together, and lamented him, in his house at Ramah."

"And David said to Jonathan and to all the people that were with him, rend your clothes and gird you with sackcloth and mourn before Abner. And King David himself followed the bier, and lifted up his voice and wept at the grave of Abner. And the King said unto his servants, know ye not that there is a Prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel."

"Lettest now thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation. But all the days of my appointed time will I wait until my change come. And behold this day I am going the way of all the earth, and ye know in all your hearts and in all your souls that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you. All have come to pass unto you, and not one thing hath failed. Therefore, now O Lord take, I beseech thee, my life from me, for it is better for me to die than to live. What is my strength that I should hope? And what is my end that I should prolong my life? My soul is weary of my life. I would not live alway. Let me alone, for my days are vanity."

"Thou shalt go to thy fathers in peace. Thou shalt be buried in a good old age. Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in its season. Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.

The righteous hath hope in his death. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, and their works do follow them. To be absent from the body, is to be present with the Lord. To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

"There remaineth a rest to the people of God. As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness. I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness. For we shall be like him when we see him as he is, and so shall we be ever present with the Lord."

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has begotten us unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. Who hath abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel. Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept. It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption. It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power. As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. For this corruptible must put on incorruption and this mortal must put on immortality. Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, death is swallowed up in victory. O death where is thy sting, O grave where is thy victory. The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. As thy day is, so shall

thy strength be. My grace shall be sufficient for thee. Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he will sustain thee. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

After the reading of the foregoing passages, Rev. Mr. Brackett delivered, with much feeling, the following eulogy of the deceased:

## DISCOURSE OF THE REV. G. R. BRACKETT.

"There is something touching," says a recent journalist, "in the steady way in which the noble army of good men, who have been fighting the battles of godliness and humanity, pass steadily out of our sight, as they pursue their upward march: To look at the list of well known and revered names which are monthly added to our necrologic list, it would almost seem as if the world were fast becoming depopulated of its moral heroes."

The lives of so few of mankind possess any apparent significance, or leave any visible impress upon their generation, that the removal of one of those representative men—those master spirits that mould society and give complexion to an age, is felt to be an irreparable loss, and occasions universal mourning. Through the telescope of God's omniscience,

> "Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
> A hero perish or a sparrow fall,"

every star may be a sun, and the humblest life expand into boundless glory, honor and immortality. But to us "there is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars, and one star differeth from another star in glory."

This inspired analogy furnishes us with a principle of classification of human merit. The thousand dim lights that are daily disappearing from the moral firmament are missed scarcely less than the transient meteors that one may see, at almost any hour of the night, shooting athwart the heavens; or than the quenching of a multitude of those distant orbs that twinkle in the far-off abyss. Others, like planets and satellites, drawn by a mental and moral attraction within the solar influence of the great and good, reflect their borrowed beams, and, like the "moon, walking in her brightness," illumine a wide sphere in our dark world, which, but for this class, would remain in hopeless night. But others, still, are suns—"vast, central, living fires," shining with a light of their own, absorbing light from every radiant centre into the beams of their own genius, and pouring forth an exhaustless flood to feed the planetary spheres that circle around them, and carry beauty, fragrance and fruitfulness to ten thousand desert places of the earth.

It is such a central sun that is here extinguished. Had it suddenly expired in the zenith of its glory, we should have been shocked, stunned and bewildered, as if the sun should go down at noon. But the slow and painful eclipse does not alter the reality of our loss, while it adds to the tenderness of our grief, as it also added to that spiritual glory which the eye of faith could discern through the opaque disc of this corruptible mortality, and through the deepening gloom of death. In his own eloquent language, in reference to Dr. Chalmers, we might say of him, "he will be found, like the sun, to have been greater in his setting than in his noonday splendor," contemplating

his spiritual glory as well as that posthumous, world-wide influence which made him "one of those stars which are visible in both hemispheres, and which set in one only to rise upon the other with continued and increasing lustre."

We feel constrained by the impulse of a natural and noble instinct to pause, when "a prince and a great man has fallen in Israel," and do honor to his memory. There is a homage, a reverence due to men of distinctive and original character, whose intellectual eminence is crowned with the glory of moral excellence, which, so far from making gods of men, is the very sentiment that, when sanctified, terminates in divine worship.

But it is not our purpose to-day to analyze the genius and character of this remarkable man, who still holds authority over us, though "translated to brighter realms." In this venerable temple, which for forty years rung with the glowing eloquence of his lips, and is now draped in mourning because those lips are sealed in death; in the presence of his mortal remains, his coffin and his open grave; with our sympathies tenderly gathering around his dying bed and bereaved household, we would not, if we could, subject such a character and life to a cold, philosophical analysis, and suffer these sacred and salutary tears to dissolve in the dry atmosphere of the critical reason. On another occasion, at a later day, when these seats are filled with his now absent kindred and friends, we trust that justice will be done to his greatness and goodness in a fitting memorial. This occasion asks us only for the offering of love—to catch the streams now gushing from our broken hearts, and crystalize them in simple and appropriate words.

Let us, then, as pastor and people, as kindred and friends, unite our hearts in wreathing one garland of affection to lay upon this sacred casket.

It was my lot to know him only as a wreck of his former self. Already was it stranded on the beach, when, a little more than two years ago, I entered into his pastoral labors; and daily have I watched, with mingled feelings of pity and of wonder, the yielding wreck, as piece after piece it gave way before the surging billows of disease and suffering, until the tedious tide as slowly rose around it and bore it away to the deep, deep sea. True manhood is lovely and sublime in its ruins, and while the grandeur challenged my loftiest admiration, I found my heart's warmest affections entwining around him, like the clinging ivy that covers the walls or pillar of some ruined temple.

I may be pardoned for saying that I have sought his companionship with something of the interest and enthusiasm of the connoisseurs of art, who cross the seas to visit the splendid ruins of ancient cities, and who return to gaze coldly upon the most finished architecture of modern times. It is amid these broken pillars and shattered walls, that humanity exhibits its highest dignity, and religion achieves its sublimest triumphs. To recur to his own figure, his setting sun, with its gorgeous confusion of clouds, has impressed me more than the clear, burnished azure of his noonday could have done.

Dear brethren and friends, who saw him in the vigor and strength of manhood, and who have looked back regretfully upon the brilliant past; viewed from the battlements of heaven, these were his "palmy days," the days of his most heroic conflicts and most

extended victories. He, that with the weapons of grace, and with an almost superhuman fortitude, tamed and ruled his spirit in these latter days of warfare, was better on heaven's roll of honor than he that in his manly prime had taken cities; and to-day these spoils of victory are hanging upon the walls of heaven, the noblest trophies of that grand old warrior, who has fought his last battle, conquered his last enemy, and sleeps so peacefully his last sleep.

Without attempting to estimate my indebtedness to his stores of wisdom, accumulated by a diversified experience and almost infinite research, and which, with unrestricted freedom, I was permitted to pluck like mellow fruits in all their autumnal ripeness, let me say that he has aided and counselled me with the tender interest of a father, and drawn me to him with a filial reverence and affection. It was my happiness to be his companion when he took his last daily drive through the charming suburbs of our city. The sight of the still waters and the bright verdure reminded him of the

> "Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
> All dressed in living green."

It was during these frequent rides that he was wont to unbosom himself, and to astonish me with the extent and accuracy of his knowledge, and with the depth and overflowing fullness of his love to his church—the cherished idol of his heart. I shall never forget his earnest and impassioned manner—his deep, tender emotion—when, with his hand upon his heart, he broke forth in this emphatic utterance: "Give *yourself* to your church. Be identified with it, as with your family. For her I have given myself

and all that I have—my time and talents and substance and strength. For her I have lived and toiled, and prayed and suffered, and for her I would willingly lay down my life." Is it strange, I reflected, that such a minister should be loved by his people with a fervent, undying affection? How could any successor, however worthy, ask for his place in the hearts of the fathers and mothers, for whose temporal and spiritual welfare he has sacrificed all that God had given him to lay upon the altar.

As I place upon my shelf that sacred volume, the Septuagint Scriptures, which he has left me as a "dying token of everlasting love," (the last words he ever wrote with his trembling hand,) let me do it with this hearty resolve: That his everlasting love shall be kept ever green in the hearts of his people—that no flower of affection shall ever, through negligence or indifference, lose its freshness and its fragrance.

I cannot be sufficiently grateful to a kind Providence that I was permitted to comfort him during the last hour of his life; to read to him those favorite hymns which so fully express the believer's triumphant faith and hope. His utterance was almost gone, and he could answer our questions only in fragmentary words. When asked which aspect of Heaven had been most prominent in his Christian experience: Baxter's Saint's Everlasting Rest, Howe's Blessedness of the Righteous, or Owen's Personal Glory and Fellowship of Christ? He replied: "If I thought I was near my end, I would like to read all three." For well he knew that to rest from sin, suffering and toil, to "behold God's face in righteousness and awake in His perfect likeness," are both essential to

qualify one for the personal manifestations and communion of Christ—to see Him as He is, and to be led by His own hand to the "Fountain of Living Waters."

Seeing that his end was approaching, we asked him what farewell message he would leave to the people to whom he had so long ministered, and who would so affectionately cherish his memory. A sudden change came over his countenance, an expression of intense emotion, as if his heart were two full for utterance; it seemed as if all the dear faces of his congregation came up before him; as if all the tender and precious associations of the past were clustering around him; and a deep rushing tide of feeling was overwhelming his soul. He called for water evidently with the intention of clearing his throat, preparatory to a clear, full utterance. But he never spoke again. His silence, to those who witnessed the death struggle, was more eloquent and impressive than any spoken words could have been. He died, dear friends, with his church upon his heart and tongue. His last thoughts were of the people of his love. The last throb of his great, generous, loving heart, was for you. His last dying effort was to speak to you. But had he spoken, what more could he have said than he has been saying to you for nearly forty years? Let his faithful, earnest ministrations from this pulpit, which linger in your memory; let his words of pastoral love and sympathy, which fell like heavenly benedictions around your afflicted firesides; let those family prayers, which no pen can describe, and no memory ever forget, and which seemed like divine inspirations; let his noble example of patient and heroic suffering—let these be his dying

message. Let them all be embalmed in your hearts. Let them become the inspiration of your fidelity and zeal. Let them be transmitted as a precious legacy to your children, and by the blessing of God, you shall see this beloved and cherished Zion "arise and shine and put on her beautiful garments," the glory of her former prosperity "having risen upon her."

"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Thou hast "fought a good fight, and finished thy course, and kept the faith," and "received thy crown of life." May thy mantle of fidelity and zeal fall upon all the surviving officers and members of the church which thou hast left to our care and love. "If we forget thee, Oh, Jerusalem, may our right hand forget her cunning."

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The Rev. J. L. Girardeau followed in a brief but eloquent eulogy. Paying only a passing tribute to the literary labors of the deceased in behalf of the cause of religion, he spoke of his great abilities as a pulpit orator, his unswerving devotion to the discharge of his duties, his undying love for the congregation in whose behalf he had spent his life, and his unbounded faith in the Great Redeemer whom he had preached for so many years.

At the conclusion of the services the remains were borne to the cemetery adjoining the church, and consigned to the last resting place in the family burying ground. The very large crowd of mourners in attendance, embracing people of every religious denomination and of every station in life, was an evidence of the general esteem in which the venerable minister was held, and the sentiment of profound sorrow that prevailed at his death.

[*Extracts from a Sermon of Rev. G. R. Brackett, preached Sunday morning, August 24th, 1873, the first Sabbath after the death of the Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D.*]

Text from Psalm 116-'17—"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

These words form a part of one of the Psalms of thanksgiving and praise. We have selected this sacred song to be read on this occasion, because it seemed to us more appropriate than the mournful and dirge-like meditations of Job upon the sorrows of life, the dismal gloom of death, and the corruption of the grave.

While these visible symbols of mourning are but a feeble type of the drapery of sorrow that overhangs our heavy hearts, yet we all feel that, in the contemplation of the long and useful life of your Honorary Pastor, and the happy release from infirmities and sufferings that were beginning to press upon him like an intolerable burden, we have more occasion to-day for joy than for sorrow.

Let us then take down the harp from the weeping willows, and, attuned by a divine inspiration, rehearse this psalm of joyful praise. How much of this inspired song might be set to the music of Heaven. I can almost hear his familiar voice taking up our earthly strain in the "Courts of the Lord's house above." "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee. For Thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling. Oh, Lord, truly I am thy servant; Thou hast loosed my hands. Gracious is the Lord and righteous; yea, our God is merciful. What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?" * * * * * *

As no one soul could in this imperfect, sinful state, illustrate in full, harmonious symmetry the Christian graces and the fruits of the spirit, may we not conclude that each saint has a peculiar mission in this respect, to exemplify some one aspect of grace, such as he is fitted to do by his peculiar temperament and education. Some are called to manifest an active, others a passive virtue; others, again, are summoned to marshal their giant and disciplined powers to fight the battles of truth and righteousness, until their youthful energy and manly vigor is exhausted in the conflict; and then the illustrious and successful warrior, honorably discharged from public service, is called to exemplify the more heroic virtues of humility and meekness, patience and submission, in the solitary chamber of suffering and confinement.

Oh, what are all the "fightings without" to these "fightings within," these hand to hand struggles with indwelling sin and a tempting devil, cut off from all that encouragement and stimulus which our weak human natures naturally crave from the sympathy and approbation of our fellow men. Let him who imagines himself superior to the incentives of an honorable ambition, and who scorns the merited applause of an admiring and approving public, take heed lest he fall, when God shall suddenly leave him to struggle alone, with no other spectator than the invisible God, and the unseen cloud of witnesses that surround His throne.

That such a man as your late venerated Pastor, with such capacities and powers, with such providential means and opportunities, with the inspiration of a boundless ambition, which, when rightly directed, as his was, bespeaks the grandeur and immortality of

the human soul—that such a man, so royally endowed, so providentially favored, and fired by almost superhuman aspirations, should, like a little child, humbly and patiently submit to the Divine will, when clearly and unequivocally expressed in His providential dealings—is to us a miracle of grace. It is the blight falling upon the ripened harvest—just as the husbandman is putting in the sickle; the giant arm of the athlete is palsied in the midst of the great amphitheatre—just when fully disciplined for the conflict, it is raised in the cause of truth; the great chieftain is smitten on the field of battle, just when his batteries are erected, his armory is filled with burnished and sharpened weapons, and the trumpet has sounded the call to arms. We say, any man with such a nature, under such circumstances, without Divine grace, must have been driven to madness or suicide, or lived a life of moping melancholy, the victim of despair and misanthropy.

Say not that such a man should have died in his prime. What he loses of human praise, he gains in the applause of heaven. He did not live too long. Though in the view of earth, the volume of his life would have been more renowned if closed and ended earlier, yet the appendix of suffering and affliction is that part into which the angels of Heaven have most desired to look, as illustrating the power and support of sanctifying grace.

Precious in the sight of God is the death of such a saint. Every victory over the world, the flesh and Satan, was adding to the lustre of his crown of glory. Every triumph over pain and suffering was illustrating the glory of purifying grace. Every form of trial and temptation is ordered in the life of every saint,

the time and circumstances of his death, and the grim monster may lay his hand upon our frail bodies, but the soul will cling to its falling walls until the gracious purpose of a covenant God is accomplished.

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[*Extracts from a Sermon, Preached by Rev. D. L. Buttolph, in Marietta, Ga., August 31st, 1873.*]

Text—Numbers, 23 : 10. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

My brethren, the sorrowful tidings have recently reached us that a great and good man in our Israel has fallen. I refer to the death of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Smyth, of Charleston, S. C.

I know of no man whose death would have produced a more profound impression upon our whole Church than his has done. It is true that for some years past he has been withdrawn in a measure, by sickness, from that large space which he so long and ably occupied; but, like a soldier, tried and true, he has gallantly buckled on his armor and sounded forth clear and strong, the note of alarm, when any danger threatened the interest of the Church he so much loved.

Like a faithful sentinel upon the watch-tower, he has kept his eye upon the militant hosts and showed its leaders, where and how to strike, when his paralyzed arm could not wield the weapon. His courage, his fidelity to duty, his unfaltering zeal, his untiring industry, during these last years of physical weakness and suffering, are not less grand to my mind than his best and most successful efforts put forth in his palmiest days. He was like a noble tree, which

produces most luscious fruit at its top, when the trunk below and the branches above were decaying. Those of you whose memory runs back a score of years, know well how high he stood in the respect and affection of our entire Church, and how indefatigably he labored, both by speech and pen, to extend the kingdom of our blessed Lord. In this respect he had no peer. His labors abounded in every channel through which he could reach the ear and hearts of his fellow men.

He was the Pastor for forty years of a large and important Church in the City of Charleston, S. C., which was the mother to at least three Churches that colonized, at different times, from her communion. As a preacher, for depth and variety of learning, for plainness and force of presentation and originality of thought, for purity and oft-times eloquence of style and expression, he had but few, if any equal. As a pastor, in his love for his flock, in his zeal for the instruction of his people in divine truth, in his deep sympathy for them in all their varied and changing experiences, he had no superior. The humblest member of his Church and congregation found in him a friend, kind, generous and sympathetic. The young were not overlooked, but shared largely in his ministrations. His power of interesting this class was remarkable, while at the same time he never lowered himself or belittled the ever glorious gospel in his addresses to the youth of his charge.

His piety was deep, earnest and cheerful. Religion, as exemplified in him, wore no chilling, frowning aspect, but appeared smiling and beautiful, as a child of heaven. By a word dropped by the wayside in the ear of the careless, or by a book put into the

hands of the impenitent, he often aroused the thoughtless and unconcerned to give serious attention to the interests of their immortal souls. In all ways, and by all methods, he sought to do good, and God has abundantly blessed his labors. The crown of life which he has received, and which he has laid, in loving homage, at the feet of Jesus, is refulgent with immortal stars, saved by his instrumentality. O, the joy, the rapture, with which he has met many in heaven before him, who, on earth, acknowledged him as their spiritual father! Can any meeting of friends here compare with that meeting above, where are involved such precious and hallowed associations! In the city, and especially the Church in which he passed his whole ministerial life, he labored with a zeal and devotion and diligence which consumed his physical strength, and when that was well nigh gone, he still labored on, as but few in robust health ever labored.

While engaged in the active duties of the Ministry in a large and influential Church, which required his best efforts, he yet found time, without abating any of the duties he owed to his charge, to write and publish volume after volume of religious matter which embraced almost every department of Christian doctrine. I doubt whether there was a man living better read in the various departments of Theologic lore than Dr. Smyth. He possessed in former years the best private Theological Library in this country, and it was for use and not for mere show. He was a most indefatigable student, extending, usually, his studies far into the night. He was one of the most large-hearted, warm-hearted, generous men I ever knew.

And here I must pay him a heart tribute, which I

would be most ungrateful to withhold, for I owe him more than my poor tongue can tell. My acquaintance with Dr. Smyth runs back twenty-seven years. I landed in Charleston in the summer of 1846, without a single acquaintance or friend. A stranger in a strange city, he took me by the hand and gave me his large confidence in such a manner as immediately won my heart's love. His house was open to me at all times, his valuable library was at my service, and, what I prized more than all, his friendship was bestowed upon me in no stinted measure. It was his faithful presentation of the truth, as it lay in the line of my duty, which led me to consecrate my life to the gospel ministry, and it was his Church which generously supported me during the years of my preparation for this office.

After leaving the Seminary at Columbia, S. C., I was associated with him for two years, at the call of his Church, as Assistant Minister. During these two years, never was there a word or act from him which was not kind and generous. I loved him, and I know that that love was reciprocated by him. My respect rose higher, and my attachment even stronger, the more I saw of him. He was as charitable in judgment as he was wise in counsel. To young ministers, inexperienced in their great work, he was most helpful and encouraging. He was certainly so to me.

In his death, I feel that I have lost a friend, loving and true. Did I say lost a friend? No, not lost. A father, a friend has been translated to the skies, and I trust, through God's grace given unto me, I shall meet him in heaven, where the ties, now broken by death, will be knit together, never more to be separated.

I learn that his death was a glorious consummation of his laborious and useful life. With the Church, to which he had given the dew of his youth and the strength of his manhood, in his last thoughts, and upon his heart, his spirit ascended to God and joined the Church triumphant in heaven.

In view of such a departure I would say fervently, from the deepest depths of my soul, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

I could not do less, my brethren, on this first Sabbath after the tidings of the death of this eminent man of God have reached us, than to weave this humble chaplet, and lay it as a willing offering upon his distant and honored tomb.

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["*Southern Christian Advocate*," (*Methodist*) *of Macon, Georgia, August 27th*, 1873.]

## DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED PRESBYTERIAN DIVINE.

Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D., died in Charleston, S. C., on the 20th of August. Dr. Smyth was born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1808. He emigrated to America in 1830, and during the following year, settled in Charleston, as Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, of that city, which, from his long pastorate, has for many years been known as "Dr. Smyth's Church." The deceased held a conspicuous place among the preachers and authors of his denomination; and his death will be deeply deplored, as a loss, not only to the body of Christians with whom he was immediately affiliated, but to evangelical Christianity at large. We chronicle his death with sincere sorrow.

[" *Charleston Daily News and Courier*," *August 28th*, 1873.]

## A TRIBUTE TO MY DEPARTED PASTOR.

### THE REV. THOMAS SMYTH, D. D.

Pastor revered, thy well-loved voice
Shall greet us now no more;
We will list in vain for thy tottering step,
Upon our Temple floor.

We will pause as though we saw thee still
Ascend the pulpit stair,
And almost think we catch the words
We never more shall hear.

We shall miss thee, when Baptism's seal
Of water pure and free
Is placed upon our little ones,
Ah! then we will miss thee.

We'll miss thee at the sacred feast,
We'll miss those words of love
Which seemed as though some angel brought
A message from above.

We'll miss those copious, fervent prayers,
Within our household band,
Which seemed to draw a blessing down
From yonder heavenly land.

We'll miss thee in affliction's hour,
When storm-clouds spread around;
We'll miss the one who pointed us—
Where comfort could be found.

We cannot cease to miss thee,
Though years may endless run,
We were *with thee* like garden plants—
Rejoicing in the sun.

But finished is thy work of love,
The parting message given;
The reaper, Death, has ope'd the gate
Through which thou enter'd Heaven.

And then, what transports filled thy soul,
As from that glorious One
The sentence came, in accent loud,
"*Servant of God well done.*"

E. C. K.

CHARLESTON, S. C., August 25, 1873.

["*Southern Presbyterian*," *Columbia, S. C., August 28th*, 1873.]

## DEATH OF THE REV. THOMAS SMYTH, D. D.

"There is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel."

The announcement of the death of the Rev. Dr. Smyth, which occurred on the 20th inst., while it will not create surprise (since it was generally known that his health has been such for many years past, and especially for the last few months, as to excite the constant apprehension of his friends) will be received throughout our Church with profound sorrow. A great and a good man, his loss will be widely felt; the sense of which will be mitigated only by the reflection that, being the victim of incurable disease, the days of his active usefulness were past, and life had become an almost insupportable burden, which he longed inexpressibly to lay down.

[Then followed, in full, the extracts from the Charleston papers.]

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["*Central Presbyterian*," *Richmond, Va., August 27th*, 1873.]

## DEATH OF REV. THOMAS SMYTH, D. D.

The Charleston (South Carolina) *News and Courier*, of the 23d instant, contains an account of the funeral services at the burial of this venerable Minister of Christ on last Friday. We had not before heard of his death, though aware that it was daily expected. Long wasted away by disease, he has now rested from his labors and his sufferings. A suitable notice of this departed brother, one of the most learned men in the Southern Church, will appear next week.

[" *Christian Observer*," *Louisville, Ky., August 27th*, 1873.]

## DEATH OF THE REV. DR. SMYTH.

As we go to press, a rumor reaches us that the Rev. Dr. Smyth, of Charleston, S. C., is dead. We have heard none of the particulars, nor even the date of his death. We hope the rumor may be a mistake. In Dr. Smyth our Church would lose a most learned divine, whom she has learned to revere for his earnest services, his sincere piety, and his stores of knowledge.

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[*Florence* " *Pioneer*," *S. C., August 22d*, 1873.]

## DEATH OF REV. THOMAS SMYTH, D. D.

All over this State and in distant States, the caption of this article will occasion unfeigned regret. Dr. Smyth died at his home in Charleston on Wednesday. We cannot, for want of space, give anything but a brief outline of his life. He was born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1808, and educated at that place. He began his studies for the ministry in London, removed to this country in 1831, and completed his studies with distinguished honor at Princeton College. In 1832, he was unanimously recommended by the Faculty of Princeton to the 2d Presbyterian Church of Charleston, of which he was Pastor nearly a half century. Soon after arriving in Charleston, he married the daughter of James Adger. He was the author of over thirty theological works, in which he will live and preach to many generations. In the prime of life he was stricken with paralysis, but his intellectual vigor was never impaired.

[*Union, S. C., "Times," August 27th,* 1873.]

Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D., an aged, eloquent and dearly loved Presbyterian Minister, died in Charleston last week.

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[*Wilmington, N. C., "Star," August 23d,* 1873.]

From the Charleston *News and Courier*, we learn of the death, on Wednesday, of Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D. He was Pastor until his health failed, of the Second Presbyterian Church, and besides was the author of several theological works. Dr. S. was a man of great learning.

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["*Winnsboro' News,*" *August 26th,* 1873.]

## DEATH OF REV. THOMAS SMYTH, D. D.

From the *News and Courier* we learn of the death of Rev. Dr. Smyth, of the Presbyterian Church. He was well known throughout the whole country, and received the degree of D. D. from Princeton College, in the year 1843. He also acquired a reputation as a theological writer. His health was feeble for many years, but his intellect was unimpaired to the last. His loss will be severely felt.

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[*Aiken, S. C., "Tribune," August 27th,* 1873.]

Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D., who, for the past fifty years, has acceptably filled the pulpit of the Second Presbyterian Church, of Charleston, died in that city on Wednesday.

[*Camden "Journal," August 28th*, 1873.]

## A VETERAN OF THE CROSS GONE.

Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D., the revered and distinguished Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Charleston, for more than forty years, died on the 20th inst., in the 66th year of his age.

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["*Associate Reform Presbyterian*," *Due West, Abbeville, S. C., August 27th*, 1873.]

## DEATH OF REV. THOMAS SMYTH, D. D.

For many years our readers have known Dr. Smyth, of Charleston. About thirty years ago he and Dr. Hemphill had a long and earnest, though, upon the whole, we believe, a pleasant and good humored controversy, in the *Charleston Observer*, about Psalmody. This served to bring them both prominently before our people, and both have been favorably known to them ever since—the one as a staunch advocate of a Scripture, or Scriptural (as the words are commonly used, we do not see much difference) Psalmody, and as one of the best newspaper correspondents in America; the other as an able and learned divine. As many of our readers know, Dr. Smyth was some years ago stricken down with paralysis, and has been ever since in very feeble health. His death would not have surprised himself or his friends at any time in the last twenty years. For a number of years he has been very feeble, and death came to his relief last week, when he was released from his toils and his sufferings and called up to his reward.

[Then followed the notice of his death, as published in the Charleston *Daily News and Courier*.]

[*Abbeville, S. C., "Medium," August 26th, 1873.*]

## DEATH OF REV. THOMAS SMYTH, D. D.

This distinguished divine died in Charleston on Thursday last, having attained the age of sixty-five years. He was a man of large attainments, and was the author of many valuable theological works.

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[*"Earnest Worker," Richmond, Va., September 4th, 1873.*]

## DEATH OF REV. THOMAS SMYTH, D. D.

The Charleston (South Carolina) *News and Courier*, of the 23d instant, contains an account of the funeral services at the burial of this venerable Minister of Christ on last Friday. Long wasted away by disease, he has now rested from his labors and his sufferings.

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[*"Southern Presbyterian," September 4th, 1873.*]

## A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

At the funeral of the late Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D., of Charleston, S. C., as the casket containing the remains was being borne into the Church, an aged colored woman stepped from the crowd of colored persons who had gathered to do honor to the memory of the deceased, and with tears streaming from her eyes, paid a brief, but touching tribute to her old Pastor, saying, "Go to Jesus, faithful preacher."

After the grave had been filled, a number of children from the Orphan House gathered around and covered it with wreaths of laurels and white flowers. The deceased had often conducted divine service in the Orphans' Chapel, and in his lifetime took a deep interest in all that concerned the inmates of the institution.

[" *Charleston Daily News and Courier*," *November 4th*, 1873.]

## A TRIBUTE

## IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE OF REV. THOMAS SMYTH, D. D.

### I.

A noble mission is fulfilled,
The dear, brave, faithful lips are stilled,
The great heart's dumb;
The busy hands find rest at last,
The work is o'er, the conflict's past,
And peace is come!

### II.

Gazing down on that quiet face,
Did not your loving instincts trace
Chis'ling divine?—
The scripture of a hidden gain?—
The mystic aftermath of pain?—
God's solemn sign.

### III.

That we might see in some dim wise,
How underneath this mortal guise
The soul grew fair—
The stronger virtues grandly blent,
With child-like love and meek content,
In concord rare!

### IV.

Those white still lips beneath the sod
Many a soul have won for God;
And who may tell
How many hearts that patient pen
Has blessed, and soothed, and cheered again
At Baca's " Well?"

V.

Loving seeds by the wayside sown,
Many an erring one has borne
To Jesus feet.
And in our homes his words of prayer
Have made the sorrow seem less drear,
The joys more sweet.

VI.

Then, when the Master's chast'ning hand
Had smitten with the sore command,
The brief—" Be still !"
With steadfast faith and courage high,
The cross was borne, the work laid by,
At Jesus' will.

VII.

So day by day the faint feet trod
The path that led him nearer God,
And nearer " Home;"
And then his footsteps touched the brim
Of Jordan's waters chill and dim
With dashing foam.

VIII.

A solemn peace was on the face,
The pale lips smiled with saintly grace,
And then grew still;
And sunset's parting glory shone
On features white as graven stone,
And deathly chill.

IX.

The " faith " was " kept," the " course " was run,
The final vict'ry grandly won;
And now the King
Doth grace that brow, all seamed with scars,
With wondrous " crown " of *many stars*,
While anthems ring !

CHARLESTON, October 20, 1873.

[*Extract from correspondent's letter to "Charleston Daily News and Courier," from S. C. Synod at Cheraw, November 4th*, 1873.

An admirable paper was presented, prepared by the Rev. Dr. Howe, of Columbia, containing a beautiful and touching tribute to the memory of the late and greatly lamented Dr. Smyth, who, for many years, was one of the leading spirits in all our Church Courts, and who, by his eloquent voice and laborious pen, in some respects did more for the cause of Presbyterianism than any other minister in our State.

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[*Paterson (New Jersey) "Daily Press," August* 27, 1873.]

[After copying in full the Biographical Sketch from the Charleston *News and Courier.*]

The Rev. Dr. Smyth was well known in this city, where he resided while pursuing his education and preparing for Princeton, and afterwards for a short time. He has frequently preached in the First Presbyterian Church in this city, and always to large crowds, as his eminent fame was widely recognized here. His death will give sincere sorrow to a large number of friends in Paterson.

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## REV. THOMAS SMYTH, D. D.,

Died in Charleston, S. C., on the 20th of August, 1873, in the 66th year of his age.

He was born in Belfast, Ireland, on the 14th of June, 1808, of Scotch and English ancestry, and his father having participated in what is called "the Rebellion of 1798," and suffered a long and painful imprisonment in consequence, he early imbibed from

him that hatred of intolerance and injustice, which made him an ardent admirer of liberty, both in Church and State.

Like almost every great man, he had a devoted mother, of superior talents and attainments, and earnest piety, whose greatest ambition was to train her children in the fear of the Lord. He always spoke of her in terms of the most profound reverence and tender endearment. In 1825, the failure of his father in business forced upon him the necessity of giving up his studies, and assisting in the support of his parents. One night a friend called at the house and made him advantageous offers to go into his counting-house. He hesitated before accepting, and that noble mother spoke, "Thomas, if you want to pursue your studies, go on, I will work myself, if necessary, to secure your expenses."

With such encouragement, he entered upon his studies with redoubled energy, reading becoming his chief delight, and the possession of books his greatest desire, and during his primary course at the Academical Institute in Belfast, prizes were awarded to him at every examination. In 1827 he entered the Belfast College, and in addition to the studies regularly prescribed, he took lessons in composition and elocution from Sheridan Knowles, the celebrated tragedian. Here he obtained the first class prize, voted to him according to the Scotch plan, unanimously by the entire class of ninety students, besides public examination prizes, and many others for especial examinations and essays. During the senior year the religious impressions of his early years were aroused and deepened, and his convictions were so strong that he was long in distress before he was

enabled to yield himself to his Saviour, and become a member of His visible Church. But the step once taken, it was for his life, and with his characteristic energy, he threw his whole soul into the work, and became an earnest Sabbath-school teacher before he was twenty-one years of age.

He now determined to carry out the design of his devoted mother, which she had cherished from his earliest infancy, and entered Highbury College in London to study theology and prepare himself for the ministry.

Here his thirst for books, to use his own words, "became rapacious," and he frequently overspent his supplies in procuring them, and had to deny himself, for two or three months, in the dead of winter, almost the necessaries of life. Owing to constant and unremitting study, his health, always feeble, gave way entirely, and he was compelled to abandon his intention of offering himself as a Missionary to the London Missionary Society, and discontinue his studies, as he was thought to be going into rapid consumption.

Just at this time his parents informed him of their determination to embark for the United States, where most of their children had already emigrated, and after anxious and prayerful deliberation, he concluded to accompany them, and sailed with them in August, 1830, for New York. His eldest brother having settled in Paterson, New Jersey, he went directly to that city, where he at once connected himself with the Presbyterian Church under the care of the Rev. Dr. Fisher. He soon joined the Presbytery of Newark as a candidate for the Gospel Ministry, and entered the senior class, at the regular session of the Princeton Theological Seminary.

Still animated by an earnest missionary spirit, he had determined, after graduating, to visit Florida with some of his fellow students to preach the Gospel there, when a letter from the Second Presbyterian Church of Charleston, S. C., to the Faculty of Princeton Seminary, requesting them to select a suitable minister to supply their vacant pulpit, was placed in his hands, and Drs. Alexander and Miller urged him to accept the invitation.

He arrived in Charleston in 1831, and entered upon his labor with great zeal and energy, and his preaching was so acceptable to the congregation, that, in April, 1832, he received a call to the pastorate of the Church, having previously been invited and called to several other points. After mature consideration, fearful of his inability to fill so arduous and responsible a position, on account of his feeble health, he finally yielded to the earnest wishes of his people and was installed.

He was married to the eldest daughter of Mr. James Adger, and after a happy wedded life of over forty years, she had the sad privilege of closing his eyes, and following him to his last resting place. By this union he had nine children, six of whom, three sons and three daughters, survive him, and nine grand-children. It was a source of unspeakable comfort to him that all of his children early consecrated themselves to the service of Christ, and became members of the Church. At the time of his death, his eldest son was a ruling elder, and his second son a deacon in his Church. Here, with the people of his first love, his only charge, he spent his life, giving to them for over forty years, all the energy of his mind, the power and influence of his talents, and the undy-

ing love of his inmost heart. While discharging, to the entire satisfaction of his people, his pastoral duties, he laid out for himself a regular and systematic course of study, collecting around him, as his best friends, and necessary to his very life, all the books he needed, and devoting himself, with all his energies, to the acquisition of knowledge and learning. By continually adding to his library, it soon numbered nearly twenty thousand volumes, some fifteen thousand of the choicest of which are now in the theological Seminary in Columbia, S. C., and known as "The Smyth Library."

Believing that he owed a duty not merely to the people of his own charge, but to God's people and to sinners throughout the world, he entered upon a course of still harder study, preparatory to publishing his writings, and in 1836 launched his first venture, which was followed in rapid succession by some thirty volumes, and seventy pamphlets. Among the most important we may name:

"Lectures on Apostolical Succession."
"Presbytery, Not Prelacy."
"Ecclesiastical Republicanism."
"An Ecclesiastical Catechism."
"The Claims of the Free Church of Scotland."
"Bereaved Parents Consoled,"
"The Unity of the Human Race."
"The Well in the Valley."
"The Life and Character of Calvin."
"Why Do I Live," &c., &c., &c.

Besides a large number of published sermons, discourses and orations, which were delivered on special occasions.

Many of these works have been republished in Eng-

land, and endorsed as of the highest value by eminent men on both sides of the Atlantic, and some of them are regarded as theological classics, without which no minister's library would be complete. In 1843, the degree of D. D. was conferred upon him by the unanimous vote of the Faculty of Princeton College, "on account of his attainments in theological learning, and his labors in the cause of truth and righteousness."

In 1853, after long and continued labors in the preparation of his work on the "Unity of the Human Race," on his way home from the meeting of the General Assembly, he was stricken down by paralysis in the cars, just as they were entering Washington, and never recovered fully the use of his limbs.

Dr. Smyth was eminently an original man, full of energy, of indomitable will and perseverance, and gifted with talents of the highest range. In the prime of life, before disease had crippled his frame, he was tall and commanding in figure, striking in appearance, possessed of a sonorous and sweet-toned voice, a matchless orator, full of impassioned eloquence and fertile imagination. Crowded audiences listened to his sermons, and colleges and seminaries complimented him by electing him an honorary member of their various literary societies. But the key-note to his whole being, that which ruled and pitched the melody of his entire life, was earnest love to Jesus, his Saviour, and an untiring zeal and desire to win souls for Christ. An eminent clergyman, who knew him well and intimately, remarked that the most prominent trait of his character was his simple, child-like love for Jesus. He was a faithful, earnest pleader, and his Master was pleased to make him the humble

instrument of leading many souls to the waters of life and beside the green pastures of His love. The Church under his ministry was blessed with frequent revivals, at one time over one hundred joining it on profession of their faith, and seldom did a communion season pass without some seals being given to his labors by the great Head of the Church.

He was intensely interested on the subject of foreign missions, and wrote many works upon that glorious topic. In his own Church he labored zealously to interest all, and especially the children, in the mission work, and many now living will remember the meetings of the Juvenile Missionary Society, and his impassioned and successful appeals for laborers for the Master's vineyard.

During the recent war his whole heart was with the South, and he prayed, and preached, and wept for her, giving his three sons to her service and his worldly all to her cause. During the two closing years of the war he resided with the family of his eldest son, in the interior of the State, where there was no Presbyterian Church—but he could not be idle. Precious souls, out of Christ, were all around him, and so freely he preached the gospel, alternating his appointments with his Methodist brother at the different churches on his circuit, and rain or shine, was always at his voluntary post of duty.

Upon his return to Charleston, after the war, with his resources all destroyed by its failure, with body enfeebled by disease and suffering, yet with mind clear and undimmed, and full of love for Christ and for souls, he buckled on his armour and again stood in his familiar pulpit, preaching the unsearchable riches of the Gospel until the fall of 1870, when, being disabled

by another stroke of paralysis, which affected his speech, he resigned his active pastoral office and was unanimously elected honorary pastor. With incredible energy and perseverance, showing an indomitable will, that was almost marvellous, he endeavoured to regain his speech, and in spite of the predictions of his physician, and all who saw him, by degrees recovered, until he could again preach God's message to dying sinners, which was his greatest ambition. And even after, when, through weakness, he was unable to preach, he was regularly at his place in the pulpit, making always the closing prayer, until within three or four weeks of his death.

All his life a great sufferer and acquainted with pain, as a fellow traveller and bosom companion in every stage of the journey, one of his most marked characteristics was his constant and unvarying cheerfulness. A most wonderful instance of his faith and trust in God, which was the source of all his joy and happiness, was manifested when a fire, in 1870, destroyed his selected library of about three thousand choice volumes, all his sermons prepared since the war, many valuable MSS. intended for publication, and all his personal effects and valuables. Rescued himself only narrowly from a dreadful death, he was as cheerful the next morning when he surveyed the charred remains of his valuable books, the greatest possible loss to him, as he was in former days when in his well appointed library, he sat surrounded by thousands of choice volumes, every one of which was to him a cherished and personal friend.

Far from being a burden, life was full of joy and happiness to him. Always an ardent admirer of nature, in all her varying moods, he enjoyed *intensely*

communion with her, and to the very last, only three days before his death, after returning from his daily ride in the suburbs of the city, he spoke of the pleasure he had received, and the beautiful scenes he had witnessed. In the home circle, he entered into all the joys and cheerfulness of the family, and delighted to draw his grandchildren around him, and took pleasure in sharing their mirth and merry laughter. He never gave way to despondency about himself, and would always answer the inquiries as to his welfare with a bright and happy smile. His religion was a joyous service, into which his soul entered with all its energies, and there were no repinings, but cheerful, willing submission to all his father's will.

His last illness was slow and gradual, and attended with much weakness and pain, yet grace was given him to bear all with meekness and patience, and God's strength was sufficient for him. Slowly he descended into the dark valley, imperceptibly almost to those around him, leaning upon his Beloved, and telling those who were with him that there was not a cloud or shadow of doubt as to his acceptance with God, and that Jesus was ever near. The Church, for whom he had lived, to whom he had given his strength, his talents, his all, was still upon his heart, when death drew near, and his last dying effort was to send a message of love to his dear people.

His best epitaph is his favorite texts, which were quoted at his funeral:

"I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of life."

"Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

[*"Christian Observer," Louisville, Ky., September* 3, 1873.]

## THE FUNERAL OF DR. SMYTH.

The statement contained in our last was too true. This distinguished man of God died on August 20. The interesting sketch found in another column, releases us from the duty of preparing a biographical sketch. But a record remains to be made of the last sad offices, which we can pay to departed greatness.

On Friday, August 23d, the corpse was borne to the Church, of which he had been, for so many years, the Pastor, by eight clergymen of the city. After singing the hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and the reading of comforting selections from the Word of God, his co-pastor, the Rev. G. R. Brackett, delivered, with much feeling, an appropriate address. The Rev. J. L. Girardeau, D. D., followed in a brief but eloquent, eulogy. The remains were then borne from the Church to the neighboring cemetery, and consigned to their last resting place in the family burial ground.

There were many evidences that his people realized their great loss. The floor of the Church was crowded, and the gallery was filled with colored people. The Church was draped. As the casket, containing the remains, was being borne into the Church, an aged colored woman stepped from the crowd of colored persons, who had gathered to do honor to the memory of the deceased, and, with tears streaming from her eyes, paid a brief, but touching tribute to her old pastor, saying: "Go to Jesus, faithful preacher."

After the grave had been filled, a number of children from the Orphan House, gathered around

and covered it with wreaths of laurel and white flowers. The deceased had often conducted divine service in the Orphans' Chapel, and, in his life-time took a deep interest in all that concerned the inmates of the institution.

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["*New York Observer*," *September 4th*, 1873.]

Death has been striking down many of the aged standard bearers in the Church within the last month. We have recorded within that period the death of Rev. Drs. Schmucker, of the Lutheran Church, Storrs and Todd, of the Congregational, and Spring, of the Presbyterian, all eminent ministers of Christ. After having served their generation faithfully and long they have entered into rest. Still another veteran in the service of Christ has gone. Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D., of Charleston, S. C., the learned and able author, the eloquent preacher and devoted pastor, who for years has been struggling with disease, but standing at his post, died at Charleston on the 20th ult. We have received a sketch of his remarkable, laborious, and useful life, too late for the present number of the *Observer*. We shall publish it next week.

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[" *Christian Advocate*," *Methodist, Nashville, Tenn., September 6th*, 1873.]

## DEATH OF THE REV. THOMAS SMYTH, D. D.

We are pained to record the death of our old friend, the Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D., late pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Charleston, S. C. This sad event took place August 20. He has been for several years suffering from paralysis. He was a

native of Ireland, having been born in Belfast in 1808. He came to the United States in 1830, and in 1832 became Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church. He was in labors most abundant, in the pulpit and with his pen. He has a world-wide reputation. He was a man of broad views, and noble, catholic feelings. He was our warm personal friend, and we are much affected by his death. When he bade us good-by several years since, it was with deep emotion, and a tender expression of brotherly love, which we sincerely reciprocated. We used occasionally to preach in his pulpit, and to hear him preach. He also wrote frequently for the Southern Christian Advocate, when we were associated with Dr. Wightman in the conduct of that journal. Such men are an ornament to "the holy catholic Church, the communion of Saints." Well, we shall soon pass off this earthly scene, and meet him, and other glorified friends of varied names, in heaven, where no earthly distinctions are needed or known.

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[*From the "Christian at Work," T. DeWitte Talmage, Editor, New York, Thursday, October* 30, 1873.]

## THOMAS SMYTH.

The gates of heaven have just closed after the entrance of this good and great man into rest. There must have been a stir amid the glad populations, as he joined the multitude, who, by his voice and books, under God, were brought there. What a place heaven must be to one who has been working hard for forty years, and been sick much of the time.

The name of the Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D., of Charleston, through all the South meant courage, purity and highest style of evangelism. He had a terrible grip for the Lord's enemies, but the sweetness and balm of a Southern grove for a bleeding heart.

About three years ago, while seeking health in Charleston for one of our family, we called upon him. He sat bolstered up in his sick room, happy, eccentric, strong for God, gloriously expectant of release. We have seen but few men like him, his piety of the stalwart order, with a Cromwellian courage and positiveness. The chairs about him covered with newspapers and books, he was fully abreast of the times, and looked as if anxious to get on his crutches again, to go forth to give the sins of the world another sound pommelling.

For his sake, we are glad he is gone. Nothing could cure his bodily ailments,—but a bath in the river from under the throne. But neither his family nor the Church could afford to spare him. The world wants not less but more of his style of Christianity.

Much of our modern religion begins with an eulogy of human nature, instead of an exposition of its utter downfall. It makes us sick to hear all this talk about the dignity of manhood, which is a heap of putrefaction, unless Saint John lied when he described it as "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." Oh! for more THOMAS SMYTHS, with foot on the eternal rock, and hand on a whole Bible,—daring to tell the whole truth, and always making pulpit and printing press speak out in behalf of an uncompromising Christianity.

["*Christian Union*" *of New York, Henry Ward Beecher, Editor, September* 10, 1873.]

Another recently departed Minister is the Rev. Dr. Thomas Smyth, of Charleston, S. C., for more than forty years Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in that city, and long known in the Church at large. He was a man of wide attainments, having published in his lifetime over thirty works on theological subjects. Unhappily, in the fullness of his manhood he was smitten with paralysis, but though ever afterwards a cripple, he continued his ministerial work with firm faith and indomitable energy. He died at the age of sixty-five, justly entitled to profound respect for the bravery of his spirit under trials which would have prostrated most men.

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["*Christian Observer*," *Louisville, Ky., September* 10, 1873.]

## TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE REV. THOMAS SMYTH, D. D.

Messrs. Editors:—A special notice informs me of the death of the Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D., for nearly, if not quite, forty years the Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of the City of Charleston, S. C. With deepest emotion I read the eloquent and just tribute to his memory, by his co-pastor, the Rev. G. R. Brackett, on the occasion of the solemn obsequies, held in the Second Church on last Friday, (August 22,) when his mortal remains were deposited in the Cemetery of that Church.

It was to me an honor and pleasure for thirty-six years to number Dr. Smyth among my most intimate

friends, and I am therefore fully prepared to endorse the eloquent eulogy of the able co-pastor.

As a scholar, Dr. Smyth's acquaintance with literature was extensive and thorough; as a theologian, he was profound and rigidly orthodox; as an ecclesiastic, he was a most earnest Presbyterian of the Apostolic type; as an orator, he was grand, fluent and persuasive; as a writer, he was laboriously exact, remarkably candid, generous, charitable and courteous; as a debater, he had no equal in his Synod; in every department of pastoral duty, he was most faithful and affectionate, himself foremost in every good cause, and the fearless opponent of vice in every shape. Possessed of every element of true greatness, he was kind and gentle in his deportment towards all men; an utter stranger to affectation, hauteur and superciliousness; his noble mind and generous heart were incapable of vindictiveness; he ever manifested the most respectful and considerate regard for the opinions and feelings of his co-presbyters.

He was indeed a Prince in Israel! May the Lord send many thousands of *such laborers* into His vineyard. E. C.

*College Hill, Miss., Aug.* 26, 1873.

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["*Southern Christian Advocate*," *Methodist, Macon, Ga., Sept.* 10, 1873.]

## REV. THOS. SMYTH, D. D.

A Memorial Sketch in the *Southern Presbyterian* of this lamented Minister, whose death we announced a short time ago, contains the following paragraph:

His last illness was slow and gradual, and attended with much weakness and pain, yet grace was given

him to bear all with meekness and patience, and God's strength was sufficient for him. Slowly he descended into the dark valley, imperceptibly almost to those around him, leaning upon his Beloved, and telling those who were with him that there was not a cloud or shadow of doubt as to his acceptance with God, and that Jesus was ever near.

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[*"Southern Presbyterian," Columbia, S. C., September* 10, 1873.]

## REV. DR. SMYTH.

Mr. Editor:—You will much oblige the family of the late Rev. Dr. Smyth, by allowing the correction of the statement in the notice of his death, in your issue of 27th ult., that "life had become an almost insupportable burden, which he longed inexpressibly to lay down." Far from being a burden, life was full of joy and happiness to him. Always an ardent admirer of nature, in all her varying moods, he enjoyed *intensely* communion with her, and to the very last, only three days before his death, after returning from his daily ride in the suburbs of the city, he spoke of the pleasure he had received, and the beautiful scenes he had witnessed. In the home circle, he entered into all the joys and cheerfulness of the family, and delighted to draw his grandchildren around him, and took pleasure in sharing their mirth and merry laughter. He never gave way to despondency about himself, and would always answer the inquiries as to his welfare with a bright and happy smile. His religion was a joyous service, into which his soul entered with all its energies, and there were

no repinings, but cheerful, willing submission to all his Father's will.

Nor did he long to lay down the burden of life. Only some two weeks before his death, on Communion Sabbath, when the Pastor and Elders of his Church attended upon him in a body, and administered the sacrament in his chamber, he said, "Pray for me, if it is the Lord's will, that like Hezekiah, he may raise me up, and spare me yet longer to serve him." To his family and friends his constant request was, "Do not forget to pray for me, always of course in entire submission to God's will, that he may spare me longer, as I have much to do, and want to finish many works yet incomplete."

He longed to *live*, to devote his time and energies to the service of his Saviour, and to labor for the advancement of his cause.

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["*Central Presbyterian*," *Richmond, Va., September 10th*, 1873.]

## REV. THOMAS SMYTH, D. D.

Considerable space was given last week to a notice of this venerable minister of our Church. The last *Southern Presbyterian* contains a sketch presenting other points of view. Dr. Smyth was one of the most learned men in the Southern country, a devoted and eminent preacher and Pastor, and the publication in our columns of the article referred to—somewhat abridged—will be gratifying to our readers.

[Then followed extracts from the Charleston papers.]

[" *The Presbyterian*," *Philadelphia, Pa., September 6th*, 1873.]

## DEATH OF DR. THOMAS SMYTH.

Dr. Thomas Smyth, of Charleston, S. C., has been well known in the Presbyterian Church for many years. He was Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Charleston, S. C., for more than forty years. Smitten with paralysis in the midst of his ministerial labors he still worked on with indomitable spirit, and with abiding trust in the goodness and love of God, doing more than most men in firm health would attempt, and receiving an abundant blessing from God on his work.

[Then followed extracts from the Charleston papers.]

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[" *Southern Presbyterian*," *September 18th*, 1873.]

## THE LATE REV. DR. SMYTH.

In the death of the Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D., the world has lost one of its brightest minds; the Church one of its ablest ministers; the cause of truth one of its bravest defenders; the poor one of their noblest benefactors, and his family and acquaintances their very best earthly friend. But heaven has gained another saint, redeemed by the blood of the Saviour; one who was called to pass through great bodily tribulation, but which only served to sanctify him, and make him meet for the glorious inheritance which is reserved for the children of God; one who washed his robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, and who now wears a glorious crown, glittering with many bright jewels, which he was permitted to gather on earth, and set as brilliants in the treasury of heaven.

Brave and unflinching in the defence of truth, he hesitated not to sacrifice every earthly thing—even friends if necessary, rather than swerve from what his conscience told him was the path of duty. Made of the stuff that martyrs are made of, he would gladly have gone to the stake and died singing praises to God, rather than surrender *principle* for *policy*, *duty* for *delight*, *conscience* for *comfort*, or *labor* for *ease*. A character like this could not pass through a long public life, without coming at times in direct conflict with men who held as tenaciously to different views as he did, thereby causing earnest and sometimes sharp controversies, which may even have alienated from him some whom he would have delighted to have called "brethren;" but even those who may have disagreed with him on some points, could not help admiring him for his courage, his unflinching prosecution of what *he* deemed the truth, and his untiring defence of whatever cause he espoused, or opposition to whatever he could not approve of. He was one of that class of men which is, alas, rapidly passing away, but which the Church and the world stand more in need of now than ever before—men who would rather die than sacrifice truth and principle!

As a friend, he was always true, ever ready to perform any act of kindness which lay in his power. He delighted especially in seeking out the young and aiding them by his counsel and advice. Many a young man, who has sought a home in Charleston, owes his first start in life to his encouraging words and fatherly advice and attention. Well does the writer of this feeble tribute remember the day he landed in the City of Charleston, and stepped upon

the shore of his new home, a total stranger, without one whom he could call a friend. According to his custom, he sought the prayer-meeting, and was directed to the Second Presbyterian Church, one memorable Thursday evening, where, for the first time, he saw and heard the deceased, from whose lips dropped such sweet and earnest words, that he felt irresistibly drawn to him. That night a friendship was formed which grew in strength and fervor from year to year, and which death has now interrupted for the first time, but which, in God's mercy, will be renewed in heaven, never again to be broken.

Before the war, it was the writer's privilege to aid the deceased in copying and preparing for publication a number of his sermons, discourses, essays, and other literary productions, which were to have been given to the public after his death. All of these manuscripts, copies, and originals, were destroyed in the burning of the City of Columbia, whither they had been sent for safety, and thus the world has lost many valuable gems, the results of years of study, and toil, and experience. None but those who had read them, will ever know of their beauty and power; the world is that much poorer by their loss. It is to be hoped that he may, since the war, have prepared sermons, and other articles, which will still be given to the public, for they would be rich in thought, earnest in expression, and valuable for the truths they would contain and the sentiments they would utter.

In April, 1872, the deceased attended the spring session of Charleston Presbytery, which convened in the City of Columbia. By special invitation, he became a guest of some of the students in the Theological Seminary, and made his home while in

Columbia within those walls, so dear to the memory of a large proportion of the ministers of our Church. Those were happy days, only too few in number, and too rapidly passed. The infirm servant of Christ seemed to almost renew his youth, as surrounded by those hopeful young learners, he talked to them in his most earnest manner, giving all who called upon him valuable advice, cheering them on in their labors and studies, pointing out the dangers and difficulties in their pathway and warning them how to avoid them; impressing upon them the important responsibilities soon to be laid on their shoulders as ministers of the Gospel, and counselling them to be found much in prayer, and to draw near to the Saviour and live beneath the shadow of his wings. None who heard him then can ever forget his impressive manner, he seemed like one of the prophets who, about to be carried home, was leaving his mantle to those who should take up the work which he had so faithfully performed, and carry it on to the end. The writer cannot recall those delightful days which shall never return, spent in the intimate society of that blessed man of God, and then realize the fact that he shall never meet him on earth again, without crying out in anguish, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof."

The deceased had memorized that beautiful Rhythm of Bernard De Morlaix, Monk of Cluny, on "The Celestial Country," and it was his delight often to quote copious extracts from it. When returning home from church in Columbia to the Seminary at night, leaning upon the arms of the writer and his companion for support, he would frequently pause, and with his eye fixed on the twinkling stars, repeat

line after line of the poem he loved so well. The time, the circumstances, and all the surroundings tended to give solemnity to the words as he would suddenly break forth with

"Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation,
Sink heart and voice oppressed.
I know not, O I know not,
What social joys are there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare!
And when I fain would sing them
My spirit fails and faints;
And vainly would it image
The assembly of the saints.
They stand, those halls of Syon,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel
And all the martyr throng.

"O holy, placid harp-notes
Of that eternal hymn!
O sacred, sweet refection
And peace of Seraphim,
O thirst forever ardent
Yet evermore content!
O true peculiar vision
Of God cunctipotent!
Ye know the many mansions
For many a glorious name,
And divers retributions
That divers merits claim:
For midst the constellations
That deck our earthly sky.
This star than that is brighter—
And so it is on high."

In April, of the present year, it was the writer's privilege to meet the deceased again, in the City of

Charleston, and spend much time in his society. Those were precious hours. The affectionate counsel and advice, the admonitions and warnings then given by one who was just laying off the harness, to one who was just girding it on, will never be forgotten. God grant that they may be always heeded and obeyed. It was at the close of this pleasant season that we rode together one pleasant afternoon up the road above the city into the country, as we had often done before in years that are past and gone. The deceased seemed on this occasion, which was to be our last earthly interview, to be peculiarly impressed with the thought of our parting, as it had been his sincere and earnest desire that the writer should labor in the City of Charleston, but Providence had otherwise ordered, and he submissively yielded. Never did a loving father counsel son more tenderly and affectionately than did he, during that memorable ride; and as he would warm up with the theme on which he was discoursing, the work of the Gospel Ministry, his whole soul would seem aglow with enthusiasm. In the midst of a sentence he would drop the reins, raise his emaciated hands and in his strong but faltering accents, so well remembered by all who have ever listened to his fervent utterances, burst forth with some lines from his favorite poem :

" Jerusalem, the glorious !
The glory of the elect !
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect :
Even now by faith I see thee :
Even here thy walls discern :
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive and pant and yearn :

Jerusalem the onely,
That look'st from heaven below;
In thee is all my glory;
In me is all my woe:
And though my body may not
My spirit seeks thee fain,
Till flesh and earth return me
To earth and flesh again."

Again would he renew the conversation, only to interrupt it by exclaiming as we rode past the green fields and fertile gardens:

"O fields that know no sorrow!
O State that fears no strife!
O princely bowers! O land of flowers!
O realm and home of life!"

With peculiar emphasis and yet with affectionate tenderness he repeated the following lines:

"Jerusalem, exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!
I ask not for my merit,
I seek not to deny
My merit is destruction,
A child of wrath am I;
But yet with faith I venture
And hope upon my way;
For those perennial guerdons
I labor night and day.
The best and dearest FATHER,
Who made me and who saved,
Bore with me in defilement,
And from defilement laved,
When in his strength I struggle,
For very joy I leap,
When in my sin I totter,
I weep, or try to weep:
But grace, sweet grace celestial
Shall all its love display,
And David's Royal Fountain
Purge every sin away."

As the day drew near to its close, we drove down to the water's edge, and sat quietly looking out over the beautiful bay, and enjoying the pleasant sea breezes, which proved so invigorating to his weak body. All nature around was clothed in its beautiful spring attire; the waves were murmuring at our feet, as they advanced and receded; the sun was setting gorgeously in the west, lighting up the entire scene with a mellow golden tint. After drinking in the lovely scene for a time, the faithful servant of God again broke forth:

"O mine my golden Syon!"
O lovelier far than gold!
With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe victorious fold.
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I *ever* see thy face?
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I *ever* win thy grace?
I *have* the hope within me
To comfort and to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
O tell me, *tell me*, YES!"

And then, in exultant strains he cried out, in almost prophetic words, and these were among the last the writer was ever permitted to hear him utter:

"Exult, O dust and ashes!
The LORD shall be thy part.
His only, his for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The LORD *shall* be thy part:
His only, his *for ever*
Thou *shalt be and thou art!*"

Truly the Lord has been his part, and he is now forever with the Lord.

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ,
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

"The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

"Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy."

C. E. C.

Winnsboro', S. C., September 8th, 1873.

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["*The Presbyterian*," *Philadelphia, Pa., September 6th*, 1873.]

## REMARKS

*Of Rev. L. H. Shuck, Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Charleston, Sunday, Aug. 24th* 1873, *suggested by the death of Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D., for forty years Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Charleston. These remarks were made at the conclusion of a sermon from Luke xxiv: 49.*

Since the last Sabbath, our community has been called to mourn the death of one of our honored ministers, and with one exception the oldest pastor in the city. And it is but fitting that his brethren in the ministry should pay a passing tribute to his memory. It was my lot to know Dr. Smyth only in his declining years, but I saw enough of him in our ministers' prayer meetings, and occasional interviews, to satisfy me that he was a man of attainments and

liberal culture. I knew him only as a worn-out laborer, but some of you knew him in his vigorous manhood. I heard him speak only in broken utterances; some of you remember the time when he was regarded one of the most eloquent and finished pulpit orators in the city. From what I have been told, he was at one time a man of unusual power, and a worthy successor of the able Dr. Henry. If greatness consists in comprehensive learning, in liberal culture, in leaving an impress on the generation in which we live, and in securing deservedly a reputation in both the literary and religious world, then we may very justly call Dr. Smyth a great man. After a pastorate of over forty years he has passed away, honored by his own denomination and mourned by an affectionate congregation who followed him to the grave with tears. Within the past three or four years the ranks of the ministry of Charleston have sorely suffered. The venerable Dr. Hanckel, the pious and liberal hearted Gadsden, had but shortly preceded our lamented brother, and even now, another, by far the oldest of them all, (Rev. Dr. Bachman,) is fast fading into eternity, with the weapons of his warfare laid aside and his labors closed. Could these men speak to us to-day, they would testify to what you have already heard, that the best of all qualifications for the Master's service is "power from on high." In behalf of my brethren of the ministry, I invoke your prayers. Pray that we may have power from on high, faithfully to serve the people of our charge, earnestly to lead the impenitent to Jesus, and that we may honor God by serving and blessing the generation in which we live. As we behold one after another pass beyond our sight, let us remember

that soon our turn must come, and may that last step which we shall take on earth, be the one that shall land us safe in Heaven. May great grace be upon us all.

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[*From the Augusta, Ga., "Constitutionalist," November 4th, 1873.*]

## THE LATE DR. SMYTH, OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

It has been remarked that whilst the press of our Southern country, both secular and religious, has paid a just tribute of respect to the memory of this distinguished divine, our Northern cotemporaries have been economical of their compliments. Dr. Smyth was not only a gentleman of the highest order of talent, the most extensive, literary and theological research and the most exquisite culture, but a man of large heart, and of noble impulses.

These attributes of mind led him to go into the war sentiment with his whole soul. He was, therefore, universally beloved and deservedly respected by the best men in the South. It is painful to observe that the bitter spirit of the North should betray itself by a contemptible silence, breathless as the grave, where the sacred remains of our venerable friend now repose.

Still it is pleasing to find that such a high-minded spirit as that of Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, can rise above a prejudice and yield the merited meed of honor to the memory of a Christian gentleman whose "praise is in all the Churches" of two continents.

We clip the following from the last issue of *The Christian at Work*, of which Dr. Talmage is the able editor:

[Then follows extract from the *Christian at Work*.

## REV. THOMAS SMYTH, D. D.

At an adjourned meeting of Charleston Presbytery, held at Cheraw, S. C., Dr. Howe, Chairman of the Committee appointed to prepare a minute on the death of our venerable and beloved brother, the Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D., reported the following, which was unanimously adopted:

The Charleston Presbytery has been called to mourn, since its last stated session, the removal of our beloved brother, the Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D., from this scene of his earthly labors to his heavenly rest. He died in the City of Charleston on the 20th of August, 1873, in the 66th year of his age.

Born in Belfast on the 14th of June, 1808, of Scotch and English ancestry, and devoted to the ministry by his pious mother from his birth, he entered the College in his native city in 1827, and received its highest honors. During the last year of his studies there, he became united with Christ as a Saviour; and called, as he believed, to the work of the Ministry, he removed to Highbury College, London, where he pursued the studies preparatory to that sacred office, with his accustomed ardor. In the fall of 1830 his parents removed to this country, and he entered the Senior Class at Princeton, where these studies were completed. He was ordained the following year by the Presbytery of Newark, as an Evangelist, with a view to Missionary work in Florida, and soon after came to Charleston, under the recommendations of Drs. Alexander and Miller, as a supply of the Second Presbyterian Church.

In November, 1832, he became a member of Charleston Union Presbytery, but although he was

called to the pastorate of the Second Church in April of that year, he held this call under consideration, doubtful of his health, which was never firm, until December, 1834, on the 17th of which month his installation took place.

Since this time, during the various fortunes of our Church and country, through the stormy scenes of ecclesiastical and theological debate, and the still severer trials of civil strife, his large and Christian heart has been true alike to his ancestral Church and to the land of his adoption.

We do not claim for our departed brother absolute perfection. This belongs to no child of God in this his militant state. But now all the asperities of discussion and debate are forever over. And with a mind of intense activity and an unconquered will, which bore up his enfeebled frame beyond the expectation of all his friends, all will accord to him a large and forgiving heart, full of schemes of Christian benevolence and activity, pursued with almost unequalled endurance and energy till the end of life.

An ardent student himself, he was a friend of education, of colleges and schools, especially of seminaries of sacred learning, whose libraries and endowments he sought to enlarge.

He was a friend of the young student also, and especially if he sought the Gospel ministry under a manifest call from God.

Had Providence so willed, and he had not suffered, in common with others, the impoverishments of a cruel war, he would have left behind him, more than he has been able to do, enduring monuments of his zeal in this sacred cause.

He would have offered himself as a missionary in

his early days, had not enfeebled health prevented his personal labors on foreign shores. But the spirit of missions did not forsake him. He was their prominent representative for years by his voice and pen, both in our Presbytery and Synod.

Of the productions of his pen we will not speak, but his earlier cotemporaries will remember the inspiring tones in which he was wont, in the excitement of debate, with a wonderful affluence of diction, to give utterance to the thoughts and emotions of his soul, the whole man transformed, his eye full of expression, his form taller, seemingly, than ever before. But those attractive powers were at length impeded by sudden disease, which rendered utterance imperfect, which at one time made him even forget the language his mother taught him, till by practice he regained it, and his palsied tongue was loosed, and became eloquent again.

His spirit has left the earthly tabernacle which confined it. It has been unclothed, that it might enter the house not made with hands, and await the resurrection morning, when, with a body strong in power, glorious and spiritual, it shall be still serving and praising our ascended Lord.

For more than forty years has he gone in and out before us, for the first half of this time in the possession of his corporeal powers, for the last half crippled with disease, but still unconquered, till he yielded to the power of death.

Let us remember that our removal will not be long delayed. The evening shades with some are drawing on. Let us redeem the time in these days of evil, and, like our departed brother, perform our work with conscientious vigor while the daylight lasts. So

shall our lives be filled with deeds of usefulness, and our end be peace.

[This paper was also adopted by the Synod of South Carolina.]

*From "Southern Presbyterian," November 20th, 1873.*

## MINUTES OF CHARLESTON PRESBYTERY.

Charleston Presbytery met in the Presbyterian Church, Columbia, on the 24th of October, at eight o'clock, P. M., and was opened with a sermon by the last Moderator, Rev. J. R. Wilson, D. D., from John xiv. 12. The meeting was pleasant and harmonious, though small; there being five ministers and three ruling elders present. Rev. J. R. Dow was elected Moderator, and Rev. J. D. A. Brown Temporary Clerk.

It was announced to Presbytery that, since our last regular meeting, death had invaded the ranks of our ministers, and the venerable Dr. Thomas Smyth, of Charleston, was no more. For a period of forty years this beloved brother had delighted to meet with his brethren in the courts of the Church, and deliberate with them upon the interests of Christ's kingdom; but his work on earth has been completed, and he has entered upon a higher service in the Church above. Rev. Geo. Howe, D. D., Rev. F. L. Leeper, and Mr. Andrew Crawford were appointed a committee to prepare a suitable memorial of our departed brother, and were allowed until next meeting of Presbytery to prepare it.

[*Extract from Correspondence in the "Christian at Work,"* 15*th Jan.*, 1874.]

"Kind words never die." So runs the song of childhood.

The recent utterances of the *Christian at Work*, sacred to the memory of Thomas Smyth, D. D., of Charleston, are on their good journey, and are full of balm and love to many hearts.

Our Northern friends are, for the most part, too chary of "honor to whom honor is due," and notably in this case. Dr. Smyth was a man of mark. Patient in labor and abounding in good works,—he was a great toiler. His genius was for books, and the dearest companions of his life were those "talismans and spells" which filled his library shelves.

His devotion to these was well known, and his conversation, before he lost the power of easy speech, was highly seasoned, invariably with *Attic salt.*

The early fathers of the Church never had a more diligent student than Dr. Smyth, and his numerous review articles, and several ponderous volumes, testify to his opinion of their worth.

A more faithful pastor never fed a flock. His pastoral duty was never set aside by disinclination, while the sick and suffering among his one-time numerous flock, were the objects of his constant care. The Doctor, at one period of his life, rather delighted in controversy, and many clever things are told of his adroitness, pertinacity and honesty. His *forte* was history, and many an unready antagonist learned to dread his thunderbolts, which he hurled with skill from the armory of the fathers.

When the war came, Dr. Smyth was reaping many honors of a faithful pastorate. His congregation was large, intelligent, wealthy and liberal. His worldly

possessions were reasonably adequate to his possible wants to the end of life. His position in society was that of tutor, example and friend.

His position during the unhappy war is well known North and South. Whatever convictions he might have had of the fundamental ground of issue, his whole energy and life were unreservedly pledged to his adopted section. And when peace returned, the old champion sat beneath its breeze, broken in fortune and in health. For a time, as I gleaned in several conversations with him, his hopes seemed shattered beyond repair and scattered at the grave's mouth.

His was never a murmuring, but often a wondering spirit. "What hath God wrought," and why? were questions forced upon his holiest meditation. But faith is God's voice even in the dust. From the depths this good man cried, and the Lord heard him and delivered him out of all his troubles. I knew Dr. Smyth quite well after the war, and I know that he cherished warm Christian sentiments toward all men, and forgave those who, in deed or thought, wronged him, as he also hoped for forgiveness.

The best of men may yet have some lapse, and the

> "Enchanting Sage! whose living lessons teach
> What heights of virtue human efforts reach,"

may yet show inequalities of character and mistakes of faith which are venial at most, for the palace of triumph lifts its glorious dome beyond the Slough of Despond, the Hill of Difficulty and the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

Scars in the reckoning show and tell the fierceness of the strife. I shall hope to see him at the resurrection of the just.

["*Charleston Daily News and Courier*," *December* 15*th*, 1873.]

## MEMORIAL SERVICES.

The Second Presbyterian Church was filled to its utmost capacity, last evening, by a congregation composed of persons from most of the Protestant denominations in the city, the occasion being the services in commemoration of the life and labors of the late Rev. Dr. Smyth. The interior of the Church was appropriately draped in mourning, and upon the communion table and the pulpit the symbols of grief were tastefully relieved by beautiful wreaths of immortelles, the tribute of loving hearts to the memory of the Reverend Pastor. The pulpit was occupied by the Rev. G. R. Brackett, Pastor of the Church; the Rev. W. H. Adams, of Circular Church; the Rev. J. L. Girardeau, of Glebe street Church, and the Rev. C. S. Vedder, of the Huguenot Church. The discourse, which was delivered by the Rev. G. R. Brackett, from the text Second Timothy, 4th chapter, 6th and 7th verses—"For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith." The length of the tribute and its exhaustive and elaborate character renders it impossible here to do more than notice its salient points. It was a fitting tribute to a faithful soldier of the Cross, whose labors through a period of over forty years had made his name a household word in Charleston. The preacher, after a rapid review of the traits of character which gave so much prominence to the deceased, proceeded to give a comprehensive history of his life and labors. From his earliest boyhood, he followed his career through all his earlier trials and disappoint-

ments, his studies, pursued with unfaltering zeal and fidelity in the face of almost overwhelming discouragements, his ministerial and pastoral labors, carried on despite the allurements of the world of letters, in which the deceased was a brilliant luminary, and his untiring ministration to the wants of his flock. All these were touched upon with a tenderness that evidently sprang from a close and intimate friendship with the lamented divine. He then noticed the thirty odd volumes which constitute Dr. Smyth's contribution to the literature of the Church. At the conclusion of the discourse, the congregation were dismissed with a benediction, pronounced by the Rev. J. L. Girardeau.

## TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

At a recent meeting of the Court of Deacons of the Second Presbyterian Church, Charleston, S. C., the following paper was presented by Elder R. C. Gilchrist, and unanimously adopted:

We meet this evening under circumstances of peculiar solemnity. The one whose wisdom for many years has guided our deliberations, and whose zeal and piety gave tone and energy to our labors for Christ's Church, has heard the summons to go up higher, and left us to mourn our irreparable loss. From the earliest youth of most of us, the Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D., has been associated with every experience, entering into our joys, and by his warm and gushing sympathy made us feel that he was one with us. From his lips we heard of Jesus' love, and his was the hand that led us to His feet; and when called to pass

through seasons of affliction, to him, more than any other earthly comforter, we fondly turned, and upborne in the arms of his faith, we have been enabled, even while passing through the valley of Baca, to find a well for our mourning souls. He was inexpressibly dear to all his people, as a friend, a counsellor, and a pastor; to us, as co-laborers with him, and officers in the Church, he was one in whose steps we could walk unfalteringly; and with his wisdom to guide, and his zeal and earnestness to incite, we have been strengthened for the performance of the duties devolving upon us. Now no longer will we be shepherded by him. We miss his ready sympathy, his wrestling at the throne of Grace, the bright example of his steadfast faith and patience, and submission to his Father's will; but following him, as he walked in the footsteps of Jesus, we pray that his mantle may fall on the Church he loved so well, and for which he labored so long and faithfully.

*Resolved*, 1. That this Deacon's Court, while realizing the great loss this Church has sustained in the death of its Pastor for forty years, the Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D., yet bows with submission to the will of God.

2. That we tender to his bereaved family our deepest sympathy.

3. That a page in the Minute Book of this Session, and of the Deacons, be inscribed to his memory.

4. That these proceedings be published in the *Southern Presbyterian*.

## RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE SESSION OF ZION CHURCH, CHARLESTON, S. C.

39 Bull street, December 8th, 1873.

*Dear Mrs. Smyth:* I have the mournful privilege of transmitting to you and the family, the accompanying resolutions adopted, at the meeting, by the Session of Zion Church.

I ought to say that the delay of the Session in discharging this office of honor to the lamented dead, and of sympathy with his bereaved family, has been occasioned by Providential circumstances which were beyond their control.

I need not assure you that my humble prayers and best wishes will attend you and yours while we are fellow-pilgrims in this vale of tears.

Life's journey ended, may we meet the departed, and with him unite in praises to a Redeeming God, which will never be interrupted by sobs in the dying chamber, or groans at the open grave.

With the highest regards,

Very truly, yours,

JOHN L. GIRARDEAU.

1. *Resolved,* That the past relations of the Second Presbyterian, the Glebe Street Presbyterian, and the Zion Presbyterian Churches, render it proper that, as a session, we record the signal Providence involved in the removal by death of the Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D., which occurred on the 20th of August, 1873.

2. *Resolved,* That in the death of Rev. Dr. Smyth, we lament the departure from the sphere of his earthly labors of an eminent servant of Christ, of one who was a gifted and eloquent preacher of the Gospel, a powerful platform orator, an indefatigable worker in

the cause of the Lord, a prolific and useful writer, and a zealous and able advocate of the scriptural position of Presbyterianism against the claims of Prelacy.

3. *Resolved*, That we hereby tender our most respectful and affectionate condolence to the family of our departed brother under their affliction, with the prayer that they may all meet at last where parting shall be forever unknown.

4. *Resolved*, That we hereby beg most respectfully to express to our Sister Session and Congregation of the Second Presbyterian Church our appreciative sense of the afflictive Providence which has removed so distinguished a minister of the Gospel from the relation which he had long sustained to them.

Extract from the Records of Session, Zion Church.

W. F. ROBERTSON,
*Clerk of Session.*

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[*Extract from address of Rev. C. C. Pinckney before the Bible Society Charleston, S. C., at their 63d Anniversary, January 19, 1874.*]

Our next oldest Vice-President, Dr. Smyth, has also finished his course of suffering. He has borne about a body of death for many years; but his tottering steps constantly brought him to our quarterly and annual meetings. Yet with this diseased body and enfeebled mind, his energy of will made him abundant in labors unto the end. His familiarity with all current theological literature often surprised me, and I have never felt more self-condemned than when coming out of the study of that indomitable man. Mere wreck that he was, he knew more, especially of English writers, than any other minister of my acquaintance.

"For my name's sake thou hast labored, and hast not fainted," might be his truthful epitaph.

THE CHRISTIAN WARRIOR CROWNED.

# A DISCOURSE

COMMEMORATIVE OF THE LIFE,

CHARACTER AND LABORS

OF THE

# REV. THOS. SMYTH, D. D.

DELIVERED IN THE

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

CHARLESTON, S. C.,

DECEMBER 14th, 1873,

BY THE

REV. G. R. BRACKETT, PASTOR.

PRINTED AT REQUEST OF THE CONGREGATION.

CHARLESTON, S. C.
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1874.

# The Christian Warrior Crowned.

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# Rev. THOMAS SMYTH, D. D.

DELIVERED IN THE SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

Charleston, S. C., Dec. 14th, 1873,

BY THE

Rev. G. R. BRACKETT, Pastor.

2 Tim. 4: 17. "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

"I do not fear to affirm," says Cousin, "that the two pursuits which most promote the development of great individualities, are war and philosophy. * * * Nowhere do the masses identify themselves more visibly with great men than on the field of battle; but if the identification is more brilliant in the great captain, it is more intimate and profound in the great philosopher." We are assembled to-night, dear friends, to contemplate the character and life of a Christian warrior, and a Christian philosopher. Great in action and great in thought, he fought bravely and successfully the "good fight of faith;" and, in the solitude of the closet, ceased not, day and night, to gather the precious seed, and sow the golden harvest of philosophic wisdom.

The name of Dr. Smyth belongs as much to history as to biography; as much to posterity as to the generation he so valiantly and faithfully served. He so identified himself with the age in which he lived, he sympathized so heartily and so profoundly with the cause of truth in every department, and the cause of humanity in every aspect, that justice to his memory would require us to ascend above the level plain of his daily life, above the lower summits of his ordinary ministry, to some historical height, overlooking the world-wide sphere of his influence. My brief and limited acquaintance with the private character, the protracted ministry, and published writings of your late greatly beloved and venerated pastor, oppresses me with a profound sense of my inability to do ample justice to his character and labors, and present you with a worthy memorial. To reproduce the lineaments of youth, and the countenance and form of manhood from the wreck of disease and the infirmities of age, is a rare attainment of art. It is still a cherished hope that some master-hand may be found to fill up this dim and defective outline, and present the world with a complete and satisfactory portraiture of this remarkable man.

If, in sketching the more prominent features of his mental and moral character, the ardent love of the artist should seem to supply the lack of details by too great brilliancy of coloring, no apology will be required by those who enjoyed a personal acquaintance with the original, in his prime. We are disturbed by no fears that even the partialities of friendship will betray our pencil into an exaggerated representation of those virtues and deeds which the "finger of truth has already drawn upon your hearts."

We may do more honor to the memory of a great and good man, by glorifying the Master who so royally endowed him with the gifts of nature and of grace, than by burning idolatrous incense at the shrine of human merit.

The Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D., was born in Belfast, Ireland, on the 14th of June, 1808, of English and Scotch parentage. He was reared upon Irish soil in an eventful period of her history. A philosophic mind might trace with interest and profit the influences of four nationalities in the formation of character, and show how the roots that drew their original life from the blood of two races, germinated and grew in the soil and climate of a third, and in the free, bracing atmosphere of a fourth, expanded into summer bloom, and autumnal ripeness. And how this interest would increase at every step, as the analyst discovered that he was tracing the history of a life that absorbed every element of nourishment from every soil and clime into its own intellectual and moral character

His mother is described as a woman of superior intelligence and attainments, of deep and earnest piety, whose highest aspiration was to train her children in the fear and love of God. He ever cherished her memory with filial tenderness, and always mentioned her name with the utmost reverence. Alluding to her maternal kindness and care for him during the critical season of his youth, he wrote in his private journal as follows: "Most blessed mother, could my thanks now reach thee, in thy bright throne above, I should here, amid these falling tears, pour forth the grateful acknowledgments of thy long cherished son. I love to think of thee, my mother, of thy illimitable, inexhaustible love."

The youngest of six sons, he was of so frail a constitution, that no one expected him to live beyond the period of childhood. But he was a "chosen vessel." Consecrated from his birth to the Gospel ministry, his pious mother committed her treasure to a covenant-keeping God. Her strong faith and earnest prayers were interwoven with that sovereign and gracious Providence, that marvellously preserved him, notwithstanding the continuance of his delicate health, and girded him for his extraordinary mission.

His excessive fondness for books was early developed. When his youthful companions were enjoying the diverting sports of boyhood, he might have been found, in his favorite cloister, embosomed in the dense foliage of a tree poring over the pages of a juvenile book, and often "shedding his sympathetic tears over DeFoe's inimitable story." Robinson Crusoe, he remarked, was to his credulous youth, a true history, and, in later life, he loved to speak of it as one of his classics. The influence of fairy tales and ghost stories upon his imagination was so "deep and ineffaceable, that neither philosophy nor religion could wholly eradicate it."

It is interesting and instructive to observe how those whom God elects to be leaders and champions in His cause, are trained in the school of adversity, and called to bear the yoke of discipline in their youth. At the early age of seventeen, the young and enthusiastic student was interrupted in his studies by one of those great commercial disasters which sweep away the fortunes of the most wealthy in a day, and which reduced his father from the easy and independent circumstances of affluence to comparative poverty. Feeling that he was now thrown upon his

own resources, and also called to aid his parents in bearing the burden of their misfortunes, he resolved to accept a profitable business offer, and exchange the academy for the counting house. But with a strength of will and firmness of purpose equal to her Christian faith and hope, his heroic mother determined that the fond expectations she had planted in so promising a soil, should not be suddenly blighted by the untimely frosts of misfortune. She would labor with her own hands and her noble boy should pursue his studies.

He, accordingly, entered the Institute at Belfast, which was then connected with what is now the Queen's College, as a preparatory or High School. His academical career was bright with glowing prophecies of his future eminence. The love of books was the strongest passion of his nature, and the acquisition of knowledge his highest ambition. It is not surprising that, with a mind so early trained by habits of close and protracted application, and so richly nourished by various and extensive reading, he should have been prominent among his fellow-students, and borne off a prize at every examination.

In reviewing his early, youthful experience, he remarked: "This period of life is regarded generally happy. I am persuaded that it is only so comparatively; and, when viewed retrospectively, my experience testifies that it is a troubled dream, a mingled scene of joy and sorrow, of hopes and fears, of delights and disconsolations, of boisterous mirth and gloomy sadness. Youth, to me, was a wild and feverish romance. It was the poetry of life, only because it was full of the most tragic incidents, and convulsed by tempestuous and whirlwind passions."

So intense was his love of study at this period, that he looked forward to every academical term with sorrowful regret. Vacation was a dreary interval, during which he was to be deprived of his favorite pursuit, which constituted for him the chief charm and privilege of existence. Speaking of his vacation days, he said: "I lingered behind the racing throng hurrying homeward, as if fearful of losing a moment of the precious season. I have felt a most unaccountable sickness, of a most painful kind, and I have walked along, as in sadness, even when carrying an armful of prizes."

In 1827, at the age of nineteen, he became a student at Belfast College. Exhibiting here the same avarice of knowledge, and the same indefatigable industry in his preparations for the class-room, he maintained his relative position, as *primus inter pares*; and, winning prizes in every branch of study, his superior scholarship was acknowleged by his entire class, of nearly a hundred students, who, by their unanimous suffrage, awarded to him the highest prize.

It was within these classic walls that, under the private instructions the famous tragedian, Sheridan Knowles, he began to develop those powers of elocution, which afterward gave him a place among the princes of pulpit oratory.

During his senior year, his religious impression, which had been early developed and always lively, were, by the effectual grace of God, ripened into deep, settled convictions. Knowing his strong self-will and independent spirit, we are prepared for the statement that he did not find peace in believing until after a long and bitter struggle with his carnal nature.

The exercises which the soul undergoes in this great spiritual change, undoubtedly exert a decided influence over the subsequent life. The conversion of young Smyth seemed to have been ordered with reference to the sphere of eminent usefulness for which the Providence of God was training him. Through darkness, doubt, and conflict, he emerges into the serene light of the Gospel, with decided, unequivocal views of truth, prepared, as a good soldier, to follow his leader with no hesitating or faltering step.

He was twenty-one years of age when he made a public profession of his faith in Christ. He became at once an active, zealous member of the Church, and an earnest Sabbath-school teacher.

It was in a Sabbath-school that he made his first public prayer. His father was an Elder for many years in the Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. Samuel Hanna, (father of Dr. Wm. Hanna,) was pastor. "The Presbyterian Church, at this time," he writes, "was sadly degenerated, both in doctrine and discipline, and the erection of an independent church on principles of Evangelical purity, was received with favor. In this church I was brought up."

He was now prepared and graciously inclined to fulfil the desire cherished from childhood and devote himself, with all his talents and acquisitions to the sacred calling to which his pious mother had consecrated him. He prosecuted his theological studies at Highbury College, in London. Here, to quote his own emphatic language, his "appetite for books became rapacious," to procure which he would undergo the most painful self-denials, sacrificing his comfort, in the severest inclemency of winter, bartering his very food and fuel for his coveted treasures.

In addition to his theological studies, he attended a course of scientific lectures in London, "read the higher classics, and roamed at will through the tomes of learned antiquity." But his feeble constitution began to relax under the constant, unremitting strain of exhausting study. He believed that he was sinking into a rapid decline. He afterward wrote, however, that it was probably "no more than the exhaustion resulting to a feeble constitution from excessive habits of intense study, and an enthusiastic vehemence and endeavor, which sought to read everything, study everything, and accomplish at all hazards, what I determined to undertake."

All the bright hopes he had cherished of entering the Gospel ministry seemed suddenly to wither, with all their summer bloom, in the wintry atmosphere of disappointment. At this painful crisis his parents were preparing to remove to America, where the most of their children were already settled. Compelled to relinquish his studies he was the more readily persuaded to quit his native land, and follow the guiding hand of Providence, across the seas, to the shores of the New World. This was his second lesson of discipline in the school of adversity. The shadow of the cross fell darkly upon him as he bowed his lofty, ambitious spirit, under this crushing trial, and calmly submitted to the sovereign will of the Father.

He embarked with his parents for New York in August, 1830. Immediately upon his arrival he joined his eldest brother in Patterson, N. J.

He connected himself with the Presbyterian Church of which Dr. Fisher was Pastor, and by whom he was introduced to the Newark Presbytery. Being

taken under their care as a candidate for the ministry, he was sent by them to Princeton Seminary. He entered the senior class, and before graduating received an invitation to the Second Presbyterian Church of Charleston, S. C. This Church having applied to Princeton for a young man to supply their vacant pulpit, the letter was placed in the hands of Mr. Smyth, and with the advice of and earnest solicitation of his Professors, Dr. Archibald Alexander and Dr. Miller, the invitation was accepted, and in November, 1831, he entered upon his ministerial labors in Charleston, S. C.

During his seminary year at Princeton, he supplied, for about two months the pulpit of Dr. Phillips, of New York, whose church building was then located on Wall Street, now a part of Jersey City. With this exception, we may say that the long and useful ministry of Dr. Smyth began and ended with the favored people of the Second Presbyterian Church of Charleston.

Preaching with great acceptance for six months, he received a formal call to become your Pastor, which he gave the preference over several other calls from important fields. To use his own words: "I came here a perfect stranger, my only introduction being a letter from my Professors to the President of the Church Corporation, certifying that I was the individual recommended by them." In one of his anniversary sermons, he says: "It was in April, 1832, that we first became acquainted as minister and people. Very wonderful were the leadings of Providence, by which I was brought to this country, and to this part of it, and by which you were led to extend to me an invitation to supply your pulpit, for a year. In August, 1832, you presented to me a permanent call to the pastoral charge of this church. This, in pursu-

ance of a long-established conviction that to the happiness of such a connection, intimate acquaintance with each other is required, I long retained, and left open to any change in your views. Having rendered this building everything I could desire, and proportioned it to my feebleness of body. I cordially accepted your unanimous call, and was installed by the Charleston Union Presbytery, on Sabbath evening, December 29th, 1834."

In 1832, he was married to the eldest daughter of Mr. James Adger, of Charleston, S. C. By this union he had nine children, six of whom—three sons and three daughters—survive him. The bonds of this happy alliance were sundered after a lapse of forty years, by his decease; but not until after he had enjoyed the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing his whole family bound together by those higher and holier ties that can never be broken, of seeing all his children consecrating themselves to Christ, under his own ministry, and becoming active and useful members of his own church, two of the eldest sons occupying official positions—the one, a ruling elder; the other, a deacon.

We interrupt our narrative, at this point, as the thread of biography is so interwoven with his public life, that to consider each separately would do violence to both, and involve needless repetition.

As the ministry was his chosen vocation, to which his life and talents were supremely devoted, it will be proper, in analyzing his powers, and estimating his influence upon the generation he served, to contemplate him, in the first place, as an ambassador of Christ, in his *ministerial* and *pastoral* labors.

Dr. Smyth was in an eminent degree furnished by nature and mental training, with those qualities which

render the ministry brilliant and successful. His erect attitude, lofty carriage, and dignified bearing, imparted to his person a prepossessing appearance, which at once attracted and challenged attention, and made the impression upon his audience, that they were in the presence of a princely orator, in whom intelligence, manliness, self-reliance and courage, were already foreshadowing the surpassing eloquence that was about to flow from his lips. To borrow the elegant language of one who knew him thoroughly: "Nature designed him to be an orator, and endowed him splendidly for that office. But 'coveting earnestly,' what appeared to him, 'the best gift,' he always seemed to aspire to speak to future generations, rather than to the present; preferring to the triumphs of an almost matchless eloquence, the toils and pains of authorship." Though trained in the highest school of eloquence, his oratory was not of a professional or mechanical type. He had learned to modulate his tones to suit every variation of feeling, but without the stiffness and formality, which so often attend a carefully cultivated articulation. This dry precision was, indeed, impossible to one of such fervid imagination and genial sympathies.

Dr. Smyth was gifted with a vigorous and brilliant imagination, a quick, poetic sensibility. An ardent admirer, and a devoted lover of nature, he had a keen perception of the beautiful, the grand, the picturesque, in all her varying aspects. It has excited our wonder, that he should have found so much in our tame and monotonous scenery to feed and delight his imagination. But, like the Poet of Rydal Mount, he was

> "A lover of the meadows and the woods,
> And mountains; and all that we behold

From the green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create
And what perceive: well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of his purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of his heart, and soul
Of all his moral being."

During his vacations, which were usually spent amid the picturesque scenery of Virginia, he almost lived in communion with nature; finding companionship in every flower and tree, wind and wave, cloud and living creature, when cut off from the society of man.

He was accustomed, in his recreations from study, to spend some portion of every day in rural meditation, in the suburbs of Charleston; and, sometimes, for hours, at night, he sat beneath the quiet stars, looking out upon the moonlit sea, and listening to its solemn roar. Thus, every object of nature became to him a bosom friend, "social and benevolent," keeping him pleasant company in his solitary hours, and befriending him in his afflictions, when no human heart could enter the sanctuary of his grief; "finding too

Like him who Eden's garden dressed,
His maker there to teach his listening heart."

His capacious memory thus became a gallery of natural imagery, drawn from the various climes he had visited, and from the poets of nature with whom he daily communed. From this inexhaustible storehouse he fed his exuberant imagination, and adorned his sermons with its riches and magnificence. His style could not be described as ornate or florid. Nothing was added for the sake of rhetorical embellishment, or

to round a period. But such was his marvellous affluence of diction, his thesaurus of language, and overflowing fulness of ideas, that when the fountains of the great deep of his soul were broken up, and the windows of his mind, like the bursting cisterns of the skies, were opened, his thoughts poured forth like a deluge. The sequacious waves followed one another with a tumultuous rush and unabating flow, that must have oppressed and fatigued the hearer, but for the illuminating splendor of his ever-radiant imagination.

In 1845 he attended the Synod of Indiana, and was invited to preach. "His audience," says a journalist, "were so struck with his profound reasoning, his fervor and energy, his entire freedom from ostentation, and his evident sincerity, that their demonstration of respect and regard were enthusiastic. His co-laborers testified their high gratification by purchasing a large number of his works, and requesting him to publish his sermons." His discourse on the Lord's Supper "was pronounced, by the clergy present, to be the ablest exposition of the text, in point of argument and learning, as one of the most powerful efforts they had ever heard from the pulpit."

Dr. Smyth entered upon his work with a lofty ideal of ministerial excellence, laying down carefully prepared rules for his guidance, and frequently reviewing them with a searching self-examination. He considered it his "great business to be a good and faithful preacher, and his most necessary duty, to fit himself for this work, to be a systematic, persevering student." He projected for himself, at the outset, a regular progressive course of reading; and that the cultivation of the imagination might keep pace with his intellectual development, he always had on his table some stan-

dard book of poetry, and endeavored to cultivate a taste for general literature. To keep himself from "solicitude and possible disappointment; to gain a self-command and independence equal to any emergency," he kept on hand a stock of prepared sermons and skeletons. Hence he was never embarrassed when called upon suddenly and unexpectedly. This habit, explains too, in part, the wonderful fertility of his ideas, the copiousness and fluency of his language, and his cool self-possession. It could hardly be said of him that he ever spoke without premeditation; for upon what subject did he not profoundly meditate, with the aid of the best authors, and with a marvellously retentive memory, that was a magazine of knowledge, always full, always fresh, and always at his command. His extemporaneous addresses often exhibited the fulness of matter and excellence of style which characterized his most careful preparations.

During the greater part of his ministry, his sermons were elaborately composed, and preached from the written manuscript. This greatly interfered with his natural flow of eloquence, and robbed his pulpit of much of that efficiency which comes from the unction of extemporaneous delivery. But he regarded the sacrifice as essential to carry out his ideal of pulpit instruction. "It is easier," he said, "to talk and visit and hunt for popularity, than to dig deep in the mine of a thorough and careful research, and thus to bring "beaten oil" into the sanctuary, by which our profiting may, ultimately, if not immediately, appear to all."

It was one of his rules, that he would aim to indoctrinate his people by regular courses of sermons, expounding the whole evangelical system, and "con-

firming them in their attachment to the faith and order of their own church."

Dr. Smyth was a thorough going preacher of the old school. The gospel trumpet in his mouth, uttered no uncertain sound. The cup of salvation in his hands, was not corrupted by the "wine of Sodom," and the "grapes of Gomorrah." The basis of all his preaching was a sound theology of a thoroughly Calvinistic type. He was a deep student of divinity, and drank to the bottom of the original fountains. Augustine, Turretine, Calvin, Howe, Owen, Chamock and Edwards, were the giants in whose company he "wrestled against the principalities and power" of error, until he grew muscular in the strife. He bravely resisted the clamor for popular effusions, and sensational preaching. He dared to "declare the whole counsel of God," in precise, categorical, dogmatic statement, in profound doctrinal discussion, and in the systematic elucidation of every article of the Christian faith. Dr. Smyth was a standard-bearer. He was not ashamed of his confession of faith and church catechism, or of the Westminster Assembly of Divines. He labored earnestly to make his people familiar with those distinctive doctrines, which during the ages of theological controversy, and the fires of persecution, crystalized into the grand, clear, concise formulas which seemed to him to embody the whole "truth as it is in Jesus," so far as human generalization grasp a supernatural revelation in its imperfect deductions, and which seemed to be settled for all time. No one ever toiled more faithfully and untiringly to transmit this precious inheritance to coming generation.

He believed that the most rational and effective

method of preserving sound doctrine, was "by bringing himself and his people to relish the true and ancient scriptural and most profitable custom of *expository* preaching." His memoranda of texts and subjects shows how fully he carried out this method, in expounding all the parables and miracles; the life, person, and work of Christ; all the Psalms, and most of the Epistles, particularly the Epistle to the Romans. In commendation of this mode of preaching, he said: "From all that I have been able to learn, it would be the general testimony of my people, that there has been more interest, profit and satisfaction, in my expository discourses, which I delivered extemporaneously, from the use only of a skeleton, than in my written discourses, upon which I expended all my energies."

We should mention, in this connection, as one of Dr. Smyth's distinguishing characteristics, that he was a *controversial* preacher. He was a bold and skillful defender, as well as an able and successful expounder of the truth. While he "held fast the form of sound words," he "contended earnestly for the faith," which he believed had "once been delivered to the saints." He was born a soldier. Like Cyrus, he was girded from his birth, with a martial spirit, and through a discipline of suffering, that gave him a deep, experimental acquaintance with the truth, he was qualified to "endure hardness as a good soldier" of the cross. He would have been a terrible foe, had he espoused the cause of error, and brought all his talent, learning and courage into the field against, instead of for the Christian faith. But grace had laid her hand upon him at his birth, and caused him to be a leader and a cham-

pion in the cause of truth. He was armed by nature and by grace with the weapons of warfare, and providentially furnished with an inexhaustible armory, from which he could draw in any emergency. He was never caught without his arms and ammunition, or sleeping on his panoply. The first tocsin of war aroused him, and he was ready to attack or defend, to meet the enemy in the open field, or dislodge him from his secret ambush.

If, therefore, his earlier ministrations were pervaded by a controversial and polemical spirit, it was because he believed the age demanded Christian warriors to defend the evangelical system, especially in its Presbyterian form, from the bold assaults of infidelity, the perversions of its professed friends, and the arrogant assumptions of false pretenders. And if the times made it necessary to lift the voice of stern remonstrance and earnest protest against the invasions of falsehood and heresy, who should obey the summons, but they whom the Master has qualified to lead on the sacramental host to victory? Who, but our military heroes who have the strength to wield the "sword of the Spirit," courage to mount the batteries of the enemy, sagacity to interpret his most subtle manœverings, and generalship to take command of the whole field. This intrepid and valiant defender of the faith felt that he was only following the cloudy pillar that went before him, and obeying the divine voice that articulately summoned him to "Go forward!" when the camp of Israel were generally faltering in the presence of the mountains and the sea, and the advancing hosts of the enemy. He certainly was instrumental in doing a work, which would not have been done by others; either, because constitutionally

averse to warfare; or, too timid and self-distrustful to grapple with a dangerous and formidable foe; or, too indifferent to theological doctrine, to appreciate the importance and sublimity of the contest; or, too indolent in their temperament to contend for truth at all.

But the crowning excellence of this illustrious preacher, the chief inspiration of his eloquent discourses, which charmed away the weariness, that his extreme prolixity would otherwise have occasioned, was his absorbing *love to* the *Saviour*. The tongue of the preacher was kindled with a live coal from the altar of Calvary. His discourses abounded with doctrinal discussion. They were often controversial, as well as argumentative. They were sometimes scholastic, replete with erudition, laying a severe tax upon the understanding of the hearer; and yet his lecture room was crowded, overflowing, with interested and enthusiastic audiences, to listen to an hour's discussion of the principles of Presbyterianism. It was not the intellect that towered like a mountain, nor the imagination, that shone like the sun, but the heart, that heaved like the ocean with the love of Jesus—that caught the sympathy of his hearers, and bore them away upon its rolling waves. Christ, and his cross, were all his theme. He presented the doctrine, as the mirror of Christ, and the creed as a breakwater, to roll back the tide of error, that would, if unchecked, sweep away the cross, and its sacrificial victim. He preached Presbyterianism, because he believed that no other polity preserved in its integrity, the Calvinistic system, and no other system does full honor to "Christ and him crucified." The cross, he viewed, primarily, as a manifestation of love, rather than

justice—love, surmounting the obstacles of law and justice. We have heard him remark, in substance, that justice should form the dark background, and love, the bright foreground of Gospel preaching; that Sinai should stand behind Calvary, and, at least, so far away, that the thunders of the law shall not drown the accents of mercy. He never left the guilty, condemned sinner, at the bar of judgment, or on the brink of hell; but always at the foot of the cross, or at the household door, within the sound of the Saviour's inviting voice, and the Father's extended arms of love and mercy. He could not preach, without pleading with sinners. He could not reason and argue, without pouring out his heart in the most tender and melting expostulations. His great, generous, benevolent heart was strung with the chords of love, like an Æolian harp, that responds to the gentlest breath that passes over it; so that, whatever theme he touched, his heart could be seen vibrating with the love of Jesus, in the moistened eye, the trembling utterance, the tender manner, and in language, in which all the synonyms of love seemed to flow as naturally as waters gush from a fountain. "Our pulpits," he said, "may glitter with the beauties of learning and eloquence and orthodoxy, but if these be not warmed with love, universal love, the brilliancy will prove like the glitter of that region, where all is chill and dead."

Another element of the success of his preaching, was its remarkable *appropriateness*, its studied adaptation to the times in which he lived, and to the immediate wants of his people. No public event, from which he could draw a useful lesson, escaped his notice. The startling providences of God he used, with

great power, as interpreters of the divine word, and emphasizing its teachings. No spiritual want of any member of his congregation was overlooked. He would preach a series of discourses to relieve a single anxious soul of doubt or distress. He would lay aside his laborious preparations for the Sabbath, near the close of the week, to adapt his preaching to any sudden change of circumstances of a public, domestic, or personal character.

But we cannot leave the consideration of his labors as a preacher, without adverting to his zeal in the cause of *Missions*. If love to Jesus was his crowning excellence, his missionary spirit was the crowning form of this excellence. If the former furnished the material, the latter determined the position and shape of the crown. No theme so absorbed his large, expansive heart, or developed, and exalted the mighty forces of his intellect, as that of Missions. The most exalted title that can be applied to Christians, in his estimation, is "Christ's representatives and agents for the conversion of the world;" the most essential element of "Christian character and happiness, self-denying love and liberality." "The Gospel" he remarked, in his eloquent discourse upon the above theme, "is the expression of God's love, and the believer is a man, who, filled with Heaven's emanating kindness, becomes, in turn, a living Gospel." When a student of Highbury College, pursuing his theological studies, he was expecting to enter the missionary field, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, but was disappointed by the failure of his health, and removal to this country. Resuming his studies at Princeton, N. J., he was on the point

of making a missionary tour to Florida, in company with some fellow-student, when he received an invitation to supply your vacant pulpit. He seemed to have dedicated himself to this great work, and probably nothing but ill health would have deterred him from planting the standard of the cross on heathen shores. He was, for many years, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Missions, in the Synod of South Carolina, and, doubtless exerted a more direct and extensive influence, in awakening and diffusing a missionary spirit than any other minister in our Church. No one preached so much, and wrote so much on the subject of missions. It was during his able and zealous discharge of the duties of this office, that he prepared those soul-stirring missionary discourses, entitled: "*The Conversion of the World;* "*Faith, the Principle of Missions,*" and "*Obedience, the Life of Missions;*" which were preached before the Synod, and published by their order. We know of no pastor who did so much to infuse his own burning enthusiasm into the hearts of his people. His missionary lectures were among his most elaborate preparations. Every means was exhausted to make the monthly concert for missions an interesting and profitable exercise.

He preached and published several earnest discourses or "*Juvenile Missionary Effort.*" He regarded it "as one of the most hopeful signs of the time—the attention paid to children, and the increasing efforts made to educate them in a missionary spirit, and for missionary effort." He argued that, as a missionary spirit is the most essential characteristic of Christianity, and as baptized children are members of the visible Church, and ought to be educated as Christians;

therefore, they should be taught to pray, to give, and labor, in their humble way, for the cause of missions.

As early as 1832, he organized a Juvenile Missionary Society, in connection with his church, which was held quarterly; and in the same year he commenced the publication of a Juvenile Missionary Paper. His missionary zeal burned on a brighter, warmer flame, as the smoking flax of life sunk into its socket. Always present, at the monthly concert, in the most inclement weather, his stammering tongue glowed with the eloquence of former years, when he poured out his heart in prayer, or plead for a perishing world, and for the glory of the Redeemer. He was accustomed to say that the monthly "Missionary" possessed, for him, the interest of a novel or romance, and that he felt reluctant to lay it down until he had read the last page. We here discover the secret of this man's greatness, energy, and self-sacrificing devotion in every department of Christian labor—the reflex influence of his missionary spirit. His mind and heart were in living, active, unceasing sympathy with a lost world, with its teeming populations, and unborn millions; with the eternal purpose of God, that "all flesh shall see" the Great Salvation; with all the glowing predictions of the Hebrew Prophet; with the everlasting kingdom of Messiah; with the suffering Son of God in the travail of His soul; with the great cloud of witnesses, who, through faith and obedience have inherited the promises; with the sacrifice and self-denial of missionaries of the Cross, and all "Christ's martyred clan;" and with the dawning millenium, when the sun of Righteousness shall flood the hemispheres with his life-giving beams, and the whole world shall be given to Christ.

The soul that lives amid these grand and sublime realities, whose faith gives them a present subsistence, whose love expands until it circumscribes the globe—such a soul must grow great. It feeds upon the elements of greatness, and wherever its energies are expended, at home or abroad, in the lecture room, in the sanctuary, on the platform, or in the deliberative assembly, they will exhibit something of the grandeur and sublimity of the missionary theme. It was this spirit which gave to Dr. Smyth the reputation he so generally and deservedly bore, of being a "working pastor of a working church."

Passing from the pulpit to his household ministrations, we follow him to the homes of his people, and we are as much impressed with the fidelity and tenderness of the *pastor*, as with the ability and power of the preacher. He regarded his church as a family, and watched over it with a paternal care and solicitude. This great and good shepherd knew all his flock, and could call them all by name; and he entered, by a personal and heartfelt sympathy, into all their temporal and spiritual trials. He was, as a pastor, no respecter of persons, and showed no partiality save that which is imperatively demanded by the poor, the lowly, and the ignorant of his flock. He wrote, in his diary, at the beginning of his ministry, that he "determined to discharge the duties of the pastoral office without the fear, or favor of any individual or family, excepting as capacity and character justly demanded special consideration."

He was a frequent visitor to the lowly dwellings of the poor, and many a desolate home was gladdened by his soothing and healing charities, to use their own language, "as by the visits of an angel." The touching

and eloquent tribute of Dr. Chalmers to the pastoral fidelity of Andrew Thompson, might be quoted here, and applied in all the fulness of its meaning to the subject of this memoir: "As at the base of some lofty precipice, a spot of verdure, or a peaceful cottage-home seems to smile in more intense loveliness because of the towering strength and magnificence behind it; so the man of strength shows himself the man of tenderness, and, sturdy and impregnable in every righteous cause he makes his graceful descent to the ordinary companionships of life, and mingles, with kindred warmth, in all the cares and sympathies of his fellow-men."

It was in the family circle, that he exhibited that rare gift of prayer, which was at once an opulent endowment of nature and of grace. Naturally of a devotional turn of mind, all the resources of his intellect and heart, all the affluent treasures of his knowledge, and all the precious riches of his religious experience, varied and amplified by peculiar sufferings and trials; all were baptized by the spirit of prayer, and poured out in the channels of supplication, both in the pulpit and in the household; and in both, alike, did he seem to identify himself with his people, and make their manifold experience his own. Everything with him seemed to crystalize into prayer. Every vicissitude of the weather, and every changing aspect of the times; the smallest as well as the greatest events, furnished him with material for devotion, and imparted an endless variety, an inexhaustible copiousness, and an exceeding richness to his prayers.

His extraordinary conversational powers and social qualities, eminently fitted him for pastoral usefulness. With all his absorbing love of study, his sympathies

took a deeper hold upon men, than upon books, and nothing gave him more genuine delight and satisfaction than to communicate the treasures of his learning to the humblest listener. It was here, also, that his ready wit, and genial humor found an easy, and a happy vent, in interesting and instructive anecdotes, and personal reminiscences, of which he had gathered a vast store, in his extensive reading and foreign travels.

His genial and exuberant nature overflowed on all occasions, even when greatly depressed, and tortured with pain. He was often most companionable and entertaining when his sufferings were greatest. Nor did he ever regard his bodily infirmities and weaknesses as an excuse for pastoral inactivity, but seemed to forget his own sorrow in bearing the burdens of others.

It was another of his rules that pastoral visitation should be performed as regularly and systematically as was consistent with his pulpit preparations, which he always considered as of the first importance. Nothing in his estimation could compensate for a poorly prepared sermon. "I have always considered preaching," he said, "and what is necessary to a right preparation for preaching, as prior in its claims upon my time, and attention, to visiting, or any other duty." Later in life, however, he confessed that he had erred somewhat, in regard to the comparative results of pulpit and pastoral labor, and that he had possibly, unduly exalted the former. But, whatever may have been his views of pastoral duty, its apparent neglect, in the earlier part of his ministry, finds its vindication in the claims of authorship, which at that period, were urged upon his conscience with a force that he could not resist.

As a pastor, he embraced with avidity every opportunity to press the claims of Christ upon every individual of his congregation. If he erred here, it was an error of the judgment, not of the heart, which under the restraining influence of love to Jesus, and love to the souls of men, led him, like Paul, "to warn men day and night, and with tears." A burning zeal for the salvation of souls may betray a minister into injudicious and unreasonable appeals, but, in the day of judgment, God's faithful servants will have occasion to rejoice that they are free from the blood of all men, and that imprudent measures were better than lukewarm indifference, or cold-hearted neglect.

Both as a preacher, and as a pastor, Dr. Smyth ever felt and manifested a deep and affectionate interest in the *colored people*, who filled the gallery of his Church, and largely composed his membership. He prepared his sermons with reference to their instruction, held a special service for them during the week, and as a pastor, kindly ministered to their spiritual wants, and bore to their humble homes the cup of consolation in seasons of sickness and affliction. He was a warm supporter of the Zion Colored Church, in Calhoun street, Charleston, which at its inception was chiefly composed of members of his own Church. He spoke of it as "a noble and glorious enterprise in which he heartily rejoiced." The crowd of colored people who attended his funeral attested their continued and unabated love for him. One aged woman exclaimed, as his coffin was borne into the Church, with streaming eyes and choked utterance: "Go to Jesus, faithful preacher!"

But our portraiture of the pastor would be incomplete, were we to omit his tender, passionate fondness

for the *children* of his congregation, and his zealous interest in their welfare. He enjoyed, with a keen relish, the sports of childhood around his own fireside, and heartily participated in their juvenile merriment. He gathered the children around him, in his visits from house to house, and by his gentle and affable familiarity, won their hearts. Their names were all engraven on his heart, as well as his memory, and they knew it. No one was, to these little ones, a more welcome guest at the family fireside. They ran to meet him, at the open door, and followed him, regretfully, as he took his departure.

His frequent presence at the Sabbath School excited their eager and delighted attention. He always remembered the lambs of his flock in his study, and was constantly collecting materials from every source, that he might be ever prepared to interest them in the Sabbath School, and on anniversary occasions, with appropriate and pleasing addresses. The painful sacrifices which he made to attend the last annual festival, and the evident delight with which he entered into their youthful pleasures, will never be forgotten by the children. It will linger in their memories, as they advance in years, as one of the last affecting tokens of their aged and infirm Pastor to the dear lambs of his fold.

The affection which he felt for the children of his own Church, was shared, in all its depth and tenderness, by the children of the Orphan House. He always delighted to officiate, in his turn, in the Chapel of that Institution, and by his condescending manner, his affectionate earnestness, and his happy art of illustration, rivetted their attention and gained their hearts. Numbers of them gathered around his casket,

as it was about to be lowered in the grave, and covered it with wreaths of flowers.

As an *ecclesiastic*, Dr. Smyth was thoroughly qualified to be a leader in the courts and councils of the Church. Dr. R. Breckenridge said of him, that "no one was better versed in our Church polity." Whatever has been written on the subject of Church Order he had read, and he, probably, had access to more numerous sources of information than any of his cotemporaries in this country. He was perfectly familiar with the whole history of the ecclesiastical controversy, and had thoroughly studied the constitution of his own Church. He had traced up the principles of Presbyterianism, through all the tangled wilderness of controversy, to their original source, in the Word of God, and followed the historic course of the mighty River, in its sublime and steady flow down the ages, sending out its tributaries in all directions—streams that "make glad," not only "the City of our God," but bless the whole social and political world, with the principles of civil and religious freedom.

On the floor of our deliberative assemblies, Dr. Smyth had but few equals, as a debater, and nowhere did his master-spirit so exhibit the fulness of its intellectual energy, and overpowering eloquence. It was remarked by one who knew him intimately, and as a co-laborer, in his palmy days, "that he was not so great in the Pulpit, where he generally read his sermons, as he was in the Lecture-room; nor was he so great in the Lecture-room, as he was on the Platform; nor was he so great upon the Platform, as he was on the floor of the Deliberative Assembly; nor was he so great on the floor of the Deliberative Assembly, when he was on the strong side, as when

he was on the weak one. But, in reply, and for a lost cause as it seemed, and when there was no hope for his side apparently, then was Dr. Smyth strong, and then was he dangerous to his opponent."

This is substantially the testimony of all who encountered him in the halls of debate, and who attempted to resist the tide of his forensic eloquence.

As a churchman, Dr. Smyth might be described as intensely denominational, and intensely unsectarian. This distinction, so admirably drawn in his memorable discourse on "Denominational Education," was so gratifying to Dr. Chalmers, who heard him deliver it, that he afterwards remarked, that "he could never cease talking about it." A loyal son of the Presbyterian Church, he loved her denominational peculiarities with a patriotic fervor. But while he cherished her glorious history and precious traditions, with an almost idolatrous reverence, he was, at the same time, an utter stranger to the narrow-mindedness of party, or the exclusiveness of bigotry. The Apostolic benediction, "Grace be with all those who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity," was inscribed upon his Church Banner. "Let brotherly love continue," was his motto. In his chapter on the "Catholicity of Presbytery," he remarks, "Christ must be first, fellowship next, and then as much uniformity as will follow from the two." Of naturally a Catholic spirit, the liberalizing influence of a wide culture, and extensive travel led him to recoil from all extreme views of doctrine or Church polity. He was never happier than when he united with brethren of other denominations in Christian fellowship, and associated activity, and had he lived, he would have entered heart and soul into the Evangelical Alliance—a

movement of which he spoke with great enthusiasm, and for the success of which he fervently prayed. One object he had in view, in visiting Europe in 1846, was to be present at the Evangelical Alliance, at its first great World meeting, "when the platform, creed and basis of union was discussed and adopted," he remarked, "I was truly delighted to find how patriotic feeling extinguished all sectional jealousies, and united various denominations in one compact, solid phalanx."

It was to him, one of the glorious features of Presbyterianism, as an Ecclesiastical system, that it was "at once capable of extension to the widest circumference of humanity, and contains within itself the germinant principles of vitality, diffusion, unity, universality." Under the term Presbytery, he was wont to "include those generic principles which are common to Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Reformed Dutch, Lutherans, Baptists and Methodists," and rejoice that, while he differed from them in some points, "he would be found agreeing with the liberal-minded of them all." He would thus hope "to draw closer the bonds of Christian truth, harmony and affection, by which we are leagued together."

It was for this liberal, Catholic type of Presbyterianism that he contended, toiled, suffered, and consecrated all his talents and acquisitions. He strenuously opposed the "Revised Book of Discipline," because he honestly believed that it was susceptible of an interpretation subversive of these grand principles. According to his view, Presbyterianism was *jure divino* in this sense," that the *doctrines* of the Church are given by Christ in inspired words; the *government*, in general rules and principles, in the actions and examples of the Apostles, and in the

exercise of a wise, Christian expediency, based on natural and social law, as expressly declared in the confession of faith. The one is given to us as a system of doctrine taught in the scriptures; the other, as agreeable to Scripture, and yet both *de jure divino.*" He believed that the "Revised Rules" virtually identified the form of Government, Discipline and Worship, with Doctrine, and claimed for them the same conscientious belief and conformity, which "tend to make Presbyterianism High Church, intolerant and illiberal, robbing it of its crown-jewels, love, charity, and brotherly kindness, towards all Evangelical Churches, who hold Christ in all his glorious divine offices, as Prophet, Priest, and King of his blood-bought people." The Scriptures, and not Church standards, are the ultimate appeal in all matters of controversy.

The revision movement roused all his old martial spirit. The veteran warrior, girded on his armor, and through many a long and weary night, in the midst of sufferings, that would have unmanned a spirit of ordinary mold, he prepared a series of articles, in which the dying Hercules seemed to be gathering up all his remaining strength to strike one more effectual blow for the principles for which he had contended all his life. He would not have felt that he had "finished his course, and kept the faith," had he remained silent during this controversy, even on the verge of the grave. The scarred and weather-beaten soldier fell on the field of battle, with his armor on and with his drawn sword in his hand.

On another occasion, pending a heated discussion upon this theme in Presbytery, when a motion was made to adjourn on account of his failing strength,

he replied, with his panting breath, that he was willing to go on, he could not die in a better cause.

At the time of the great disruption, in 1843, Dr. Smyth urged, with a glowing zeal and eloquence, the claims of the Free Church of Scotland, to the sympathy of American Christians. It was for these very principles, so dear to his heart, that the Church of Scotland separated from the Establishment, viz: "the utter renunciation of all the bigoted and exclusive views which prevented free intercourse among true-hearted Christians of every name." He saw in the foundation of that Church, "the first link in the golden chain which is to bind together in one body all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth."

It is of such sound and Catholic principles as these, that the large-hearted *philanthropist*, and the sturdy *reformer* are made; and such was Dr. Smyth. He entered with a cordial, active sympathy, into every great, social and moral movement, looking to the elevation of mankind, He had a quick, sensitive ear to the "sad footsteps of humanity." Like his Master, he identified himself with the poor, the miserable, the unfortunate, the outcast everywhere. One prominent element of his missionary zeal was his hearty love of man; for the love of Christ develops a genuine philanthropy, a world-wide charity, a heart-felt desire to "do good to all men, as we have opportunity;" or, as he, himself, expressed it, a true Christian is "a holy beneficent presence in society; a sick world's healer; a sad world's comforter; a sympathizer and a worker with the Supreme Beneficence."

He was an active, efficient member of the Bible Society. He advocated the claims of the Young Men's Christian Association, with great earnestness,

as promoting the "communion of citizenship, the brotherhood of Christianity, and the cause of Christian philanthropy." He was deeply interested in the Orphan House, which he regarded as a noble, Christian charity, "as representing the benignity of heaven, in its parental care for the fatherless, and a bond of union between the rich and poor." The cause of education found in him a staunch and enthusiastic supporter, and an eloquent advocate.

It was in the spirit of a Christian philanthropist that he cordially favored and zealously defended the institution of slavery, for "however it may be denounced as imperfect and attended with evil," he held that "it had been employed by unerring wisdom and an overruling Providence, as an instrument for the preservation, elevation, and conversion of millions who would have lived and died in heathen ignorance, superstition and cruelty." He believed that in so far as masters rendered unto their slaves that which is "just and equal," in their condition and sphere of life, that involuntary servitude was for them that which is best fitted to promote their well-being and happiness. But while all his learning and ability were enlisted on the side of slavery, he was equally earnest and bold in denouncing the unnecessary evils, and reforming the abuses and perversions of that domestic institution: His celebrated work on the "Unity of the Human Races" was written in the interests of philanthropy, as well as science and religion. The denial of unity he regarded as uncharitable, as it is unphilosophical. To degrade the African below the standard of the human species, is to exclude him from the benefits of redemption, and justify his barbarous and cruel treatment. The critical reviewers of England, Scotland, and Ire-

land, gave him the credit of being "the first to come forward in this controversy, to assert, in behalf of the black man the unity of the race," and commended his "fearless vindication of this doctrine, in the midst of a slave population, which was calculated to render him unpopular and odious."

He exhibited the same bold, uncompromising spirit of the Reformer, in his public, out-spoken denunciations of the stage, the lottery, and every evil which he regarded as detrimental to the peace and order of society.

Dr. Smyth was too sound a Presbyterian, to be anything but a whole-souled *Patriot*, when patriotism involves the spirit of loyalty to the principles of true Republicanism, and a readiness to defend them at any sacrifice. It was because he believed the principles of our constitutional, representative, republican government, were derived from Presbyterianism, and are the only safeguards of civil and religious liberty, that he became, in this land of his adoption, an enthusiastic, patriotic, American citizen. He wrote a volume of several hundred pages, the result of weary months of laborious study and research, to demonstrate the identity of the origin of our ecclesiastical, and civil government. I use his own language: "The more decidedly a man is a Presbyterian, the more decidedly he is a republican." He espoused the cause of the South in the late war, because he believed she was contending for these very principles of civil liberty and free government.

A few months previous to the outbreak of the war, he lamented the prospect of disunion in language like this: "When I was a child upon my mother's knee, I heard thy praises, my adopted country. In

my childhood's visions thine image rose proudly magnificent before me, towering aloft to heaven, and spreading thy branches over the seas. Boyhood's sports were jubilant of thee, and manhood brought with it eager expectations of becoming inseparably thine. Here, for thirty years, I have heard from every lip, on every festive occasion, thy praises. And must we take up the lamentation and say, from this glorious constitutional union all the beauty is departed? For these things I weep, and my soul is troubled." As he thus poured out his unavailing tears, he was ready to pour out the last drop of his blood, to preserve the inestimable blessings of republican liberty, which he felt were at stake. "He, who would choose life at such a sacrifice," said he, "is not worthy of life, or fit to die." Dr. Smyth was a true Christian patriot, believing that his country was a union of States, not a union of people.

Dr. Smyth was also a voluminous and learned *author*, and has left to the world, the "life-blood of his master-spirit," in many a page and many a volume which will be read with profit for many a generation.

It has doubtless been a matter of surprise with many, that one who was called to take the oversight of a large and laborious pastoral charge, could justify himself in consuming so much time and strength in the distracting cares, and exhausting toils of authorship.

In his unpublished writings, we find an "Apology for Authorship," which furnishes a complete vindication of his course from all suspicion of literary vanity or ambition. He entered upon this painful, laborious, and self-sacrificing work, as a faithful steward of the manifold gifts of God, who desired to

make the most of his abilities and opportunities. But upon this point we will allow him to speak for himself: "I believe that capacity to do, brings with it the consciousness of its own impelling energy, determination, and will; and that when the heart is sanctified and set right, this consciousness brings with it a corresponding sense of responsibility to put his talents out to usury, and to the very best advantage. I believe, also, that with such conscious ability and responsibility to do, there is a proportionate sense of "Woe is me, if I do not," of humility in view of what is done, and of much that is not done. A man must know that he can do, and what he can do, and all he can do, and to have confidence in undertaking, boldness in execution, self-approval in having endeavored to do his duty, and self-condemnation, if he, through the fear or favor of men, fails to do."

The interval from 1836 to 1838, he styles his period of controversy, "arising from agitations in the Church of New School doctrines and measures, which led to a division of presbytery and ecclesiastical isolation. This was followed by the next period, of hard study and frequent publication for the confirmation of his own faith, and the general edification of the Church." Having been brought up in an Independent Church, he was early led to the study of Church government, and was greatly stimulated in these investigations by the exclusive claims of prelacy, which were at that time proclaimed with great boldness and arrogance. About this time, also, appeared the "Oxford Tracts," which he styled "the Goliath of the host of the Philistines." He accordingly, gave himself to the collection of standard works on these controversies, that by thorough study, he might become master of the

whole subject, and afford his brethren the advantage of a convenient access to original authorities. It was under these trying and perilous circumstances, that he began to prepare his Lectures on Presbyterianism and Prelacy. His object was catholic and defensive, and he was warmly encouraged by leading men among the laity, as well as among his ministerial brethren. When the work on "Apostolical Succession" first appeared, its authorship was questioned by a prominent English publisher, who said that he had been accustomed to associate such extensive research and profound learning with mature age and experience. This work was "the first of the kind published in this country, and distinctively in any other, by a Presbyterian, and to any great extent by other writers. The subject was novel and the attempt hazardous." What he judged to be most needed was an elaborate compilation of arguments and authorities. Its publication was followed by other popular and able compends. But how far they were indebted to his voluminous work, he never knew. It was remarked, however, by a prominent minister, that it was evident they had been "milking his cow." This was what he expected and desired; that his scholastic labors and researches, should furnish material for more popular works. Thankful for the ability to write, and gratuitously circulate them, he was content that they should remain on the students shelves of reference.

The works on "Apostolical Succession" and "Presbyterianism and Prelacy," had a wide circulation among all denominations in this country and in Europe. Both Dr. Alexander and Dr. Miller, of

Princeton, commended them in the highest terms. The former said, that when he looked around for a text-book, he settled on Dr. Smyth's "Presbyterianism and Prelacy" as the best, and determined to introduce it at once. Dr. Duff, of London, remarked to the author, that he was using the work on "Apostolical Succession," in his College, in Calcutta, and that when he was consulted on the claims of Prelacy and Romanism, he found it a complete armory. His work on the "Unity of the Races," was criticised in Great Britain, as a "masterly and valuable book." Principal Cunningham wrote: "It displays a thorough knowledge of the subject, and of all that has been written upon it, down to the most recent productions. The argument is conducted with much ability, and brought to a triumphant conclusion." Dr. Duff said: "It may be characterized as scholar-like, without pedantry; elaborate, without tediousness, comprehensive, without diffuseness; argumentative, without dryness."

He published, in all, about thirty volumes, embracing almost every subject. The most popular works are, "The Well in the Valley," "Why do I Live," and the volumes on Missions. These are works that will live. He received scores of letters from all parts of the world, thanking him for their publication, and expressing the pleasure and profit derived from their perusal. They are written in his most earnest and engaging style, and replete with solid doctrine, in the most practical and attractive form.

His method of writing and preparing his works for publication, though justified in his own case, he would not recommend to others. "After arranging and

digesting my materials" he says, "I wrote in great haste, and in a fever of excitement, so as frequently to bathe me in perspiration, and perfectly benumb my fingers. My mind was so entirely abstracted, that I was, often, unable to recall the most familiar household words at the table. I never copied for printing, or re-wrote any one work or pamphlet. They were printed from the original manuscript, or the manuscript copied, corrected, amended, altered, abridged or enlarged. Of course this is to my condemnation, and no excuse for their many imperfections. So it has been however; I never could bear re-writing, and the truth is I wrote everything in the expectation that I had but a short time to live, and must do quickly whatever I did. I wrote each work, thinking it was my last, and I must be willing to do whatever service I could, and lose the possible fame of greater condensation, correctness of style, and perfection of arrangement. I have also detracted greatly from the originality of my works by numerous quotations and a parade of multiplied references."

But this he did advisedly. His object was not originality and fame, but the diffusion of useful knowledge. Hence, his larger works partake of the nature of magazines or encyclopedias. It would be far easier, and save immense labor for writers to give as their own, the substance of other men's thoughts and investigations, than to trace out systematically the sources of their ideas, facts and arguments. Having the advantage of an extensive library, he determined to put the results of his researches in such a form, as to give his brethren, as well as himself, an opportunity for original investigation. His quotations and references, therefore, were in most cases,

subsequent additions, and the result of continued accession of books and knowledge.

These memoranda were recorded, he says, "simply as facts in my history, known only to myself, and so far a justification of my course, and a vindication of my own judgment, that I was, by opportunity and capacity, called upon to write and to publish; and that however temporary and limited their usefulness might be, they were approved by our Church and instrumental in promoting truth and charity." His publications were the result of long and very laborious study, and accumulated preparations for years, and were prepared chiefly at hours beyond pastoral claims and duties.

Dr. Smyth probably collected the largest library which has ever been gathered in this country, numbering at one time, nearly *twenty thousand* volumes. In all his travels in America and Europe, he was in quest of books, often spending whole days in stores and antiquarian stalls; and, for years, consuming the greater part of his salary in the purchase of books. He says, "I studied Bibliography, in order to collect a large, systematic, Presbyterian, Theological and Literary Library, as an armory for our Ministers and Churches in Charleston, similar to that of Dr. Williams in London. As it increased, I labored to adapt it for a Theological Seminary, in which I hoped it ultimately would find a providential location." This desire was fully realized. About eleven thousand of his volumes are now in the Theological Seminary, at Columbia, S. C., and are known as the "Smyth Library."

It seems a little singular that he should caution young ministers "to beware of a passion for books,

or a blind chase after a large library. It is, as a general thing, vain and useless. It is often impoverishing and infatuating. It becomes as insatiate as the grave, crying, 'Give! give!' I feel that I was an exception to the rule, a sacrifice, willingly offered up for the public good. I felt a special call to collect a large library, not for myself, but for my brethren's sake, and for posterity. This has been a part of my life-work. But, except for research and reference, I have confined myself within my rule, having my select library, preceptors, and social companions and bosom-friends, whom having early loved, I love unto the end, and hope to love in blissful eternity in a world of light, love and spiritual progress."

For the sake of general improvement, and to gratify a long cherished taste for the sciences, he attended the Medical Lectures in the College, at Charleston, for two seasons, and pursued the study privately. He also read Blackstone and other treatises on Law, together with a course of classical literature and general science. In the Literary Club, of which he was a member, he enjoyed a "delightful opportunity of widening his circle of study and resources of knowledge." He, also, commenced, at the same time, a course of reading, and the translation of the earliest Fathers, in which he made considerable progress. These items are mentioned to show the variety and extent of his studies. He was an omnivorous reader. His library was a microcosm—a little world of books. The wonder is not that he became a living encyclopædia of knowledge, but that his feeble frame endured the toil, and bore the burden.

"In consideration of his attainments in theological learning, and his labors in the cause of truth," he

was honored by Princeton with the degree of Doctor of Divinity, the rule being suspended, which required six months' notice. Never, said Dr. Miller, had a degree been more deservedly conferred. He was at that time about thirty-seven years of age, and had graduated from the seminary only about ten years.

Any account of this extraordinary life would be imperfect, which did not give great prominence to the element of *suffering*. The weakling of the flock, he describes himself as a complaining, croaking boy, of whom his father said, "There is no cure for him but a plaister of earth." His sad words proved only too true, for the life-long sufferer found no respite from pain until the kind earth folded him to her bosom, and covered him with the mantle of the grave. Both in Belfast and Princeton, his health failed him. He came to Charleston to receive an additional burden of suffering in the form of sick headaches, which were very frequent and prostrating. In 1848, he was attacked with partial paralysis "which produced a stiff, abnormal condition of his left arm and fingers, causing a derangement between the nerves and muscles, from which he never recovered, and which often occasioned severe pain."

The second attack of undoubted, and confirmed paralysis, in 1853, left him long on crutches, and almost a helpless cripple. This attack, as he describes it, was "at the ganglionic centre, at the base of the spine, and never for a moment affected consciousness, memory or digestion."

"In my own estimation," he said, "I have lived from day to day, as a tenant at will, looking any moment for an ejectment, and change of residence. I have searched curiously for the secret source of vitality, but

sought in vain. I awake in the morning, asking myself: Is it possible I am alive? And when worn and exhausted by pain and wakefulness, and oppressive sinking of the soul, in her pleading voice, crying to the body,

'Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life,'—

I have wondered with a great amazement, what invisible power held together a body and spirit so willing to dissolve partnership, and so ill-mated with one another. I have often thought I could write a natural history of pain. I have known her from childhood. We have walked arm in arm, dwelt in the same house, occupants of the same bed. She is like the chamelion of every hue, and like Proteus, of every shape. She is sometimes as quick as light, and again, like an Alexandrian line, 'drags her slow length along.' Sometimes, she is as the forked lightning coursing in tortuous torture through every limb and fibre of the body, and dissolving the pent-up, and collected clouds of bitterness into flooding tears; and sometimes she is that lightning in its negative form, of quiet, dull monotony, or occasional playful flashes, just enough to rouse the attention and excite the fancy. Sometimes she languishes into the faint tones of an infant, talking in its sleep, or like the bubbling groan of some strong swimmer in his agony, or like a strong man in the whirlwind of his passion, she puts on an angel's might, and mystery of power."

During the war, he spent about two years and a half in Clarendon county of this State, and, while he was suffering these Protean forms of pain, he followed the Methodist minister through his whole circuit, of four or five Churches, preaching every Sabbath, in all

the vicissitudes of weather, the oppressive heat of summer, and the raw and rainy rigors of winter. The heroic sufferer could find no excuse for idleness, and the only reward he claimed was the joy of laboring for his Master, and for the salvation of souls.

About four years before his tireless energies were released from the fetters of the flesh, his organs of speech were suddenly paralyzed in the midst of his midnight studies. He rose to call a servant and was surprised to find that he was incapable of articulating a word. Doubtless believing that his speech was hopelessly gone, or that he was near his end, he wrote on a slip of paper, to his wife, "Perfect peace." But finding that his general health was not seriously affected by this local paralysis, he immediately addressed himself to the task of regaining his lost speech, with a resolute will that was never paralyzed by discouragement or despair; and, never did he appear greater in all his grand career, than when reciting, hour after hour, and week after week, the letters of the alphabet, advancing from vowels, and consonants to syllables, and from monosyllables to words, and sentences, until upon the anvil of his iron will, he broke link by link, the chains that bound his eloquent tongue, and, at length, shouting, like David of old, "Awake up my glory," his voice rang again with the praises of the sanctuary, and the "glad tidings of salvation." For many years, every one had spoken of him as "the *wonderful* man;" but when his mute tongue was unloosed, when this Samson had rent asunder his fetters with the sheer force of his giant will, his friends were themselves dumb with amazement. From this time, he continued his vocal exercises, repeating the scriptures and pages of sacred

poetry, which his memory retained with astonishing accuracy.

After the lapse of a year or more, he felt it his duty on account of growing weakness and an imperfect utterance, to resign his pastoral charge; but he did not resign his determination to work for his Master, as long as life lasted. Although in the estimation of all but himself, he was honorably discharged from warfare, he refused to lay down his arms and retire from the field of active service. Without the slightest abatement of his former energy and zeal, he continued to preach whenever called upon, either in his own Church, or the Churches of other denominations; and by his presence, prayers, counsel and active service, to help forward every good work; in the Bible Society, the Clerical Union, the weekly prayer-meeting, (which he attended regularly in all kinds of weather,) in the higher and lower judicatures of the Church; until within a few weeks of his death, he was regularly present every Sabbath in his own pulpit, generally offering the closing prayer, the unction of which still lingers in our memory, like a sweet savor; and on communion occasions, he always made the sacramental address at the Lord's Table, when he often seemed to be literally looking within the veil, and holding visible communion with the Saviour.

Thus did he labor on with unflagging energy, working until his throbbing heart ceased to beat, and the "pulse of life stood still." When all his branches were bare, and the atmosphere bleak and wintry, his soul-life was budding with new desires and hopes, and new plans and enterprises were struggling into bloom and fruit.

It was during these latter years of suffering, only two months after the last stroke of paralysis, that a disastrous fire swept away the choicest portion of his collection of books, which he called his "working library," together with valuable manuscripts upon which he had bestowed several years of laborious study. This melancholy loss he was never able to repair, partly from physical inability to bear the exhausting labor or research and investigations, and, partly, on account of the impossibility of replacing rare and costly works. It was a sore trial to him, and a serious loss to the world.

Such a life of suffering is replete with valuable lessons. As drawn out by himself, and expanded at considerable length, they would form an interesting and useful volume. We have space here only for the briefest summary. It teaches, first, "that great health is not necessary to great labor, and that a feeble and imperfect constitution is not inconsistent with a long life." The adage, that "a sound mind must have a sound body," and that the latter is essential to success, must be received with great qualification. The greatest thinkers and workers have, probably, been, on the whole, among the least healthy and vigorous, and often, among the most sickly, dwelling in tenements, shaken by every wind. There is, also, in such constitutions a resiliency and recuperative power, a buoyant elasticity and energy in its periods of restoration, as to give it great advantage.

Neither is perfect, uninterrupted health, necessary to enjoyment. "I am often as merry as the cricket which I have been endeavoring to attach to my room, that I may find a solace in its lively and soothing song, and a pleasing remembrance of childhood's scenes.

I often soar with the lark in its jubilant flight toward heaven, and join in its carol and ecstatic rapture and joy. And when not in humor of positive joy and self-amusing laughter, I can often sympathize with the peaceful, playful contentment of the little kittens that perform their antics around my table, and partake of my simple fare."

Dr. Smyth was a *cheerful*, happy sufferer. His sufferings never made life dark, dismal or undesirable. He had cultivated a merry, joyous spirit. He had learned to smile on suffering, and extract pleasure from pain. The cares, anxieties, disappointments, afflictions and sorrows, that swarmed around him like bees, armed with piercing stings, were all laden with honey for his hive of cheerfulness. He recommended the student to "cherish a lively, cheerful, joyous, laughing spirit," and suggests as auxiliaries to cheerfulness, "a growing acquaintance with natural scenery, a cultivation of the taste and the imagination. With such knowledge and taste, no one need ever be alone or unhappy, *i. e.* when the eye of faith looks through nature up to nature's God."

"A knowledge and love of singing and instrumental music, will be a great help in reviving the drooping spirits and dissipating morbid feelings."

His own favorite resource was poetry. He wooed her tenderly and constantly, and found her as a well of living waters to his thirsty soul. He carried a large volume of well selected poems and hymns in his memory, which he was in the habit of repeating to himself in his solitary walks or drives, and in the loneliness of the sick chamber. His works abound with poetical quotations, without which no book would bear the impress of Dr. Smyth's mind and heart.

We should not omit to say that he regarded "the inward, happy communion of the soul with God," as the ultimate fountain of a cheerful disposition, whose living waters fill every channel of labor and suffering, nature and society, music and poetry.

He once remarked that it was "of great importance to a man, especially of sedentary habits, to be able to raise a laugh when he is growing moody and phlegmatic. For this purpose let him treasure up any scenes of particularly ludicrous and laughter-exciting merriment, that may have formed a comic interlude between the more solemn scenes of the tragedy of life. A good laugh is a great exhilirant. It puts body, soul and spirit in good humor, and in a ready disposition to work." Wit and humor was one branch of his study, and he kept comic pictures hanging behind his study door that he might, at any time, work off his moody feelings.

In reviewing his years of suffering, he gave it as his opinion that "a life of pain and a body of weakness, are perhaps the best, and on the whole, the happiest, and, for the soul, always the most prosperous condition of its probationary state."

Dr. Smyth was as great in *humility*, as he was great in suffering. He was uttering the sincere language of humble submission to the Divine will, when he said, "I am sensible of my entire weakness, dependence, and unworthiness. I have desired to take my place and position as God assigns it, neither taking the direction nor refusing to follow; neither avoiding humiliation nor exaltation; having a profound sense of my own sinful nothingness, and of my ill-desert of any the lowest seat among the great, wise and good; and yet believing I can be, and do all things

God requires of me, through his wisdom guiding, and grace strengthening. I have endeavored to distrust myself without distrusting God, and have endured many rebuffs, many hard blows, many contemptuous remarks and actions. I have been scorched, peeled and annihilated; filled with shame and self-loathing, and would gladly, a thousand times have sunk into the earth, or fallen as a star of night, into darkness and nothingness. I have prayed God to disappoint all my desires, blast all my schemes, and throw contempt on all my pride, so far as is necessary to my sanctification and usefulness. I have endeavored to walk humbly and softly, and to receive as well-deserved the chastisement of the Lord. If a course of discouraging circumstances, and adverse prospects be designed expressly for my chastisement, may I not hope that it was meant in mercy? Raise and fix, Almighty Spirit, my fainting, wavering heart, to a true resignation, the only atmosphere of peace. O, penetrate me with deeper, holier, happier views of things eternal, as imminent and near at hand, as swiftly approaching and inconceivably glorious. Then, O, my God, let earthly hopes be darkness, earthly joys expire, intervening sadness, as well as final sickness and death, with all their pains lie before me, I will adore thee with a grateful heart, and pray never more to complain, but chide my every regret, and suppress all my repinings."

But underneath all these various aspects of his life, lay a noble *Christian manhood.* In concluding this hasty and imperfect survey, let us glance at the entire man. Those of you who knew him in his prime, will readily recall his tall, erect, commanding figure, crowned with raven locks of luxuriant growth, and

always arranged with care and taste; his bright, blue eyes, always wide open; wearing in repose a tender expression; sparkling with humor in social converse, and flashing with fire in animated debate, or pulpit discourse; his voice, naturally sweet and mellow as a flute in its conversational tones, and which imparted to his persuasive appeals an irresistible pathos, that moved and melted to tears the most hardened hearer; but when he rose to the height of his great argument, and to an impassioned and eloquent declamation, it became as sonorous as the blast of a bugle, and filled his vast audience-room with its expansive volume. His brow was not massive, nor his features and face large, yet they bore the image and superscription of greatness, which the most ordinary beholder could read. During the last twenty years of his life, his bent form, crippled gait, and growing infirmities, reminded one of the wreck of a noble ship, which, with its rent sails and dismasted hulk, still rides proudly and grandly upon the billowy sea, and weathers its raging storms, when scores of staunch and sea-worthy vessels are stranded and wrecked around her. The hobbling gait did not lose its dignity, nor the shattered form its manliness.

In his intellectual and moral character he presents a singular spectacle of opposite, antagonistic qualities. He was at home, in company with Calvin and Owen, and delighted as a school boy, over Robinson Crusoe or a nursery rhyme. He wrestled with the giants of theology and philosophy, and roamed the woods with the poets, and communed with the cricket on his hearth, and gambolled with the children and kittens around his fireside. The stern, uncompromising advocate for truth, he was bubbling with Irish humor.

The lion-like warrior was a gentle-hearted lamb. He was a bold, gallant spirit, fearless of an opponent, reckless of consequences, however disastrous to his own reputation or interest. Yet, he never "broke the bruised reed, nor quenched the smoking flax," but bore his wounded ones in his arms, and carried them in his bosom. His manner in the halls of debate was often stern, imperious, relentless; sometimes even harsh, cruel, unmerciful to those who opposed him. But they who were acquainted with the man, knew how much to attribute to a strong, passionate nature, whose energies were all aroused, stimulated, and fired by the heat of discussion, and zeal for the cause of truth, until he burned like a volcano; and how much allowance to make for the deep spring of love hidden beneath this flaming Vesuvius, and which was ready to gush like a pent-up fountain, as soon as the lava of controversy had spent itself. Dr. Thornwell, who often encountered him in the deliberative assembly, said of him, that no one had a kinder heart and a more forgiving spirit, than Dr. Smyth. He never nursed a grudge. His capacious memory had no room for garnered wrongs, or treasured wrath. All injuries were forgiven and forgotten. We have the declaration in his own handwriting: "I cherish no ill-will, no envious dislike to any human being, as I never had any personal pride, or self-interest to gratify in any ministerial or Church plans."

He had an unbounded ambition to make the most of his talents and opportunities, and to attain to all possible human excellence and usefulness. There was no limit to his aspiring soul, and every successful achievement only stimulated him to bolder and loftier

endeavor. It deserves to be noticed that, with a natural desire to be prominently useful, it had been impressed upon him by pastors, teachers and friends, from the time that he "officiated as chaplain of the nursery, with the high easy chair for a pulpit," until he entered the Theological Seminary, that he had before him an extraordinary career. Yet he was as meek and humble as a child when disappointment and defeat were interpreted as expressions of the Divine will. When he was taken to the exceeding high mountain of carnal ambition, and offered a brilliant career and a world-wide fame, in the midst of this temptation of the devil, he prayed, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and then laid upon the altar of sacrifice, his ambition, his studies, his writings, his preaching, his success—all that he had ever desired or designed to do—a whole burnt offering, and turning away from the burning pile, he prayed again: "I beseech thee, Lord, to forgive all my self-righteousness and self-seeking, and grant that I may be saved, as by fire, with the loss of all things, for which I have been commended, and that I may not be a cast-away, but a trophy of all-conquering and all-sanctifying grace. Amen and Amen."

That he was ambitious, without vain-glory, is demonstrated by his whole ministerial life, during which, in every measure, to which he laid his hands, he adopted the very course that imperils reputation and the very last that vanity would have chosen; at the same time declining complimentary and enticing calls in every direction, most any one of which would have been advantageous to his reputation and fame. He was called to the South Carolina College; to the Editorial chair of a Presbyterian newspaper in New

York, at the urgent request of leading ministers; to the College at Danville, Kentucky; to Union Theological Seminary; to the Theological Seminary at Columbia; to a College in Indiana; to Magee College. Add to this that a professional life was always his choice, to which all his tastes and studies led him; and that the Professorship most consonant to his studies was pressed upon him by Dr. Thornwell and many other brethren—and what a sacrifice of reputation was made on the altar of duty. He felt that Providence had not opened wide the door for him, and he would not climb up some other way, for the sake of reputation, and leave a post of duty and of danger, where he had been set for the defense of the Gospel, and as a standard-bearer of the Church in a season of perilous strife. "My congregation," said he, "was isolated from others, and had to stand against much public opprobrium. Therefore I determined to live and die with my people, unless Providence opened a wide door, and forcibly and fairly ejected me."

As a minister, he was profoundly theological, yet thoroughly practical. As a Churchman, he was as thoroughly denominational as he was catholic. He would go to the stake for Calvinism or Presbyterianism, and, on the way to martyrdom, he would gather faggots to burn bigots and sectaries. As a philanthropist, he would reform the evils of society, with an almost iconoclastic severity, while, like the tender and compassionate Saviour, he visited the widow and the fatherless with a sympathetic heart and tearful eye.

As a public speaker, he was singularly cool and self-possessed; yet he said, "this has been only to a

certain extent real, and to no extent natural or constant. I was originally very diffident, and was punished for my embarrassment at school. In my early attempts at prayer, I wrote and committed. In my efforts at speaking and debating, I have been so disconcerted as to lose all presence of mind." He never rose to speak even at a prayer-meeting without solicitude and nervous trepidation, and never trusted himself on any occasion, to speak without preparation when it could possibly be avoided.

As a student and author, he said of himself, "I am a living proof that tastes and inclination may be modified, and the mind made to give itself wholly and with delight to whatever course of study circumstances may render advisable or necessary. I became enthusiastic in antiquarian and historic lore; again, in physical science; again, in controversial discussion; again, in exegetical study and in practical and didactic discourse; and always, and most *con amore* in mental and moral philosophy; and always in poetical literature and belles-lettres. I feel that I could now engage in any one branch of study with interest and enjoyment. With God's help, therefore, a man can become what he ought to be, and what the demands of the age, of Providence and of the Church require."

Hence, he could turn with marvellous ease from scholastic studies and dry discussions, to finish a sacramental discourse, or memorize a page of poetry.

The most prominent trait of his character, that which most distinguished him from ordinary men—that, without which Dr. Smyth could not have been—was an *indomitable will*, that was never conquered save by the Omnipotent Being who made him. He never interpreted any apparently insurmountable ob-

stacle, or appalling danger, as a providential call to lay down his arms and retire from the field. Difficulties never terrified him. Opposition only goaded his determination to more resolute and persevering endeavor; and the greater the odds against him, the higher would his courage rise to do all, and to dare all for the vindication of his principles. This giant will, that was never shorn of its locks, that laughed at impossibilities, that mocked at disease and suffering, inspired him with untiring industry and unflagging energy. He often remarked that the will can conquer pain, and command the shattered nerves to hold their peace. On one occasion, when the night was dark and inclement, and his whole frame writhing with agony, he assumed a posture of defiance, and emphasizing his words with his crutch, while his chamber rung with the echo, he rose with determination, declaring that he would not "stand it any longer." Pushing out into the dismal darkness, against the earnest remonstrances of the members of his household, he returned, after several hours of gymnastic exercise, and exclaimed, with an air of triumph: "I told you so. Any man may subdue pain, if he only has the will to do it."

Few men would have so valued life, or regarded the obligation to prolong existence, as to have endured one-half the trouble and sacrifice it cost him to live on from day to day. Sometimes when looking upon his "poor impoverished limbs, and almost formless frame, that he felt he ought to be in the grave, buried out of sight;" the struggle for life seemed utterly hopeless and equally undesirable. But the feeling of gloom was only momentary, like the shadow of a passing cloud, and applying again and

more vigorously the spur and the whip of resolution, he roused his lagging spirit, and the old war-horse was again shaking the dusty plains with his crippled, but iron-shod energies.

Living as he did for so many years, a mechanical existence, artificially supported, his life exhibits the most remarkable instance which we have ever known, of the sublime triumph of mind over matter—of the indwelling spirit over the external body. Here is a problem for the materialist; a mysterious exception to the theory that mind is the result of organization, and depends for its vigor and energy upon bodily health and strength.

When he lost the use of his limbs, he still continued to take his daily rides, being lifted into and out of his carriage; and, propped up in his old study-chair, he was still surrounded with all the leading papers and magazines of the day, both of American and European publication. He kept fully abreast of the age, and up to the last hour of his life, he could have traced out a complete map of modern thought, with all its broad currents and tributary streams.

On the Sabbath afternoon we accompanied him in his last daily ride, towards the setting sun, heaven seemed to be imaged in the still water, and green fields, and the dying believer in

> "The western evening light,
> That melts in deepening gloom."

He seldom spoke; his soul seemed rapt in heavenly communion. It was evident that the great and good man was rapidly ripening for heaven. Having "brought forth fruit in old age," he was ready to be gathered as a "shock of corn fully ripe." The days

of controversy were over. He had "fought the good fight" for himself, and for the Church he loved against the world, the flesh, and the devil. He had "finished his course—the race that was set before him." He had "endured hardness as a good soldier." He had fought his last battle, and while waiting for his "crown of righteousness," he had nothing to do but lie passively in the hands of the spirit, and let him finish the "workmanship of his grace." How sweetly, fragrantly, and beautifully the passive virtues of humility, meekness, patience and submission, unfolded during these mellow, autumnal days!

Only once did he summon his wasting energies to urge upon his youthful successor, fidelity to the Church, which was his first and only love, and for which he had sacrificed all that he had to give. For forty years, he had planted and reaped in this field which the Lord had continually blessed, so that "seed time and harvest" had never failed. Frequently revived by copious and refreshing showers of grace, the Church was enlarged almost every communion season, with regular accessions. Since the beginning of his own ministry in 1832, he had received more than five hundred additions, many of whom are now useful ministers of the gospel.

During the period from 1832 to 1846, there were added three hundred and fifty-four white, and one hundred colored members, of whom nine became ruling elders and seven entered the ministry.

Well might he say, on reviewing his long and laborious life: "I rejoice that I have lived and labored. The contest is the same from the beginning to the end of time. One is the warfare, the issue, the combatants, the victory, the results, and the everlasting

glory. I rejoice to have mingled in it, and have been a soldier in the army of Immanuel. I have fought under His banner and eye, and for His crown and covenant. My name is upon the roll-book of heaven's heraldry, and will not be forgotten in the great muster day when the roll shall be called, and every man shall spring forth from his gory bed, on some embattled field, in the distant ages, and in the uttermost parts of the earth. To have been a private in some regiment, to have fought and fallen in some battle for the truth, will insure an immortality of fame. But to have won the hearts of some brave and loyal company, to have drawn them to yourself, to Christ, and to one another, to have united them with love to Christ, and inspired them with zeal and devotion to his cause, to have marshalled them among the sacramental host of God's elect, to have led them to the high places of the field, to have shared their dangers and privation, and been an example of suffering and patience, to have fallen at their head with the sword of the Spirit in his hand and his face to the foe, and words of victory and cheer upon his tongue —this is glory enough for any mortal. Surveying thus the whole history of this mysterious warfare, as I shall one day from heaven's Mount of Vision, I feel that the past, the present, and the future, are alike interesting to me, and that I am alike interested in each. It is one, and the glory, the grandeur of the whole, and the everlasting blessedness resulting from it are mine as much as they are another's. I shall soon die and my works too. But I shall not all die, nor all of them. They are among the links in the chain of consequences, and the procession of effects. The effects may abide when the causes are extinct. The

harvest may multiply when the original has perished. As I look back upon the past, I rejoice that a place has been given me among the ranks of Messiah's friends. As I look forward to the future, I rejoice that his cause is onward and triumphant, his kingdom everlasting, and that I shall have a glorious part in his inheritance among the saints in light."

On the third day after he was prostrated by the fatal disease, his sorrowing family and friends were called to stand beside his dying bed. They had laid him upon the couch of suffering, expecting that the tide of life would gradually ebb away, as the disease of dropsy slowly rose from his lower limbs toward the vital organs. But he had retired only to compose himself for his final sleep. His hard, spasmodic breathing, plainly showed that the disease was pressing upon his lungs. His suffering was not acute, but of that peculiar, indescribable kind, which proceeds from gradual suffocation. No part of his wasted, tortured body seemed to escape the ravages of disease but the unclouded brain, from which the broad, bright disc of his intellect shone out, like the setting sun from a clear sky. He did not seem to realize that he was so near his end. He never spoke of death, save to remind his family and friends that he was "leaning on the arm of his Beloved," and that the dark valley had no terrors for him. His last effort to speak was to dictate a message to his beloved people. He fell asleep, bearing them upon his heart; and on the wings of his departing spirit, he bore them to the bosom of his God. No act of his life was more positive than that of obeying the order of his Great Captain to put off his armor, and go up to receive his crown. He never marched more soldierly to the field of battle,

than he passed from the Church militant to the Church triumphant.

"The faith was kept, the course was run,
The final victory grandly won,
And now the King
Doth grace that brow, all seamed with scars,
With wondrous crown of many stars,
While anthems ring."

"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Dr. Smyth had his faults and imperfections, (and who has not?) But they were like spots on the sun. They who view a great and good life through the smoky glass of prejudice, or the magnifying glass of envy, will discover in the holiest of saints, who at best are but partially sanctified, glaring defects and disfigurements. But they who look at men as they look at the sun to enjoy its light and the objects of beauty it reveals, will find what we have feebly attempted to portray—the glorious image of Christ, and the precious fruits of His spirit. They will see that love to Jesus was the key-note of the life, character, and labors of this wonderful man.

Those who are acquainted with the science of music, are aware that the grandest, harmonic designs, are the result of the skilful combination of discordant sounds. This analogy may help us to understand how all the harsh and grating discords of the Christian's militant life, may be justified to the ear of faith, as they are made to "work together" for the good of the believer, himself, and to the Church for which he labored and suffered. We estimate the merits of our great Church instrument, not by drawing out a few unmusical stops, and pressing a few noisy pedals,

but by "putting on the full organ," and listening to the blended harmony.

There are some lives that are like a sweet psalm, breathing from a well-tuned harp. They have their mission, but not like that of Calvin and Luther. There are others whose lives, with all their varied and opposing aspects, resemble a full orchestra, or band of music, with its blast of trumpets, and roaring drums, and clashing cymbals, as they grandly harmonize with the softer, sweeter instruments. Such are the lives with which Jehovah leads on the sacramental host to battle and to victory. As we stand by the grave of this sleeping warrior, let our eyes take in the full-orbed character, and our ears be filled with the blended harmony of the entire life.

We cannot better close these remarks than by quoting his own conception of the true end and value of life:

"To feel that to live is Christ; to be so united to Christ that his work is our work; his will, our will; his sufferings, death, and sacrifice, ours; his self-denial, love, and charity, ours; his kingdom, triumph, and glory, ours; to feel that to spend and be spent in his service, to be instant in season and out of season, in winning souls to Christ—is our life; to feel that pain is pleasure, weariness rest, tribulation glory, and death gain, when endured as good soldiers of Christ; this is to shine with a glory which death itself shall not eclipse, but, which rising in a higher dawn, in a better land, in a hemisphere encircled by the eternal hills, watered by the river of life, and luxuriant as the Paradise of God, shall shine more and more throughout the unending day of our ever brightening immortality."

# EXTRACTS

FROM SOME OF

# MANY LETTERS RECEIVED.

## REV. GEO. HOWE, D. D.

COLUMBIA, S. C., August 22d, 1873.

"An untiring soul that served our great Master, the Church, the generation in which he lived, and the country in which his lot was cast, with the utmost earnestness and zeal, has passed away from us to his everlasting reward, and to the Saviour whom he loved. We shall no longer hear on earth the eloquent voice, nor behold the flashing eye, and the form which seemed to rise even more erect and tall, nor listen to the affluent words which erst poured from his lips in the days of his health and vigor, when he was animated with the deep emotions which were burning within him. We shall be no longer stimulated, and led by him in efforts to promote the prosperity of the Church; but his memory will be dear to us who were his cotemporaries and associates, and who will soon meet him in that blessed presence into which he has entered."

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## REV. J. B. ADGER, D. D.

COLUMBIA, S. C.

"Dr. Smyth was truly a great man. He had his weaknesses, (and who has not?) but they were only specks. He was great intellectually, great morally, and great religiously. He had a clear, vigorous, active understanding; a warm, brave heart; a strong will; an eloquent tongue; his industry was untiring; his energy never flagged; difficulties never appalled him; opposition only made him the more determined

to carry out what he thought was right, and the greater the odds against him in any struggle for what he considered to be the truth, the higher would his courage rise to do all, and dare all for the vindication of his principles. As an author, he has certainly not written in vain. Such works as 'Why do I Live,' and the 'Well in the Valley,' are both books that will live. But nature designed him for an orator, and beyond most men of my acquaintance was he endowed richly by nature with all the qualifications of the most consumate orator. He was not so great in the pulpit, where he generally (during most of his life) read his sermons, as he was in the lecture room; nor was he so great in the lecture room as he was on the platform; nor was he so great on the platform as he was on the floor of the deliberative assembly; nor was he so great on the floor of the deliberative assembly when he was on the strong side, as when he was on the weak one. But in reply, and for a lost cause, as it seemed, and when there was no hope left for his side apparently, then was Dr. Smyth strong, and then was he dangerous to his opponents.

"I have said that he was a great man *religiously;* I mean that he was an experienced and ripe believer, an old and long tried soldier of the Cross, who had passed through fire and water, both oftentimes, and been hurt by neither. He was saved by Hope; he was a cheerful, heartsome, confiding follower of his Master.

"I love to think of him now as perfected; and I love to look forward to reunion with him, and with Thornwell, and with other beloved brethren, all of us perfected forever. What a great and goodly company, when it is all filled up, one by one."

## REV. D. L. BUTTOLPH.

MARIETTA, GA., August 25th, 1873.

"The sad tidings of the death of Dr. Smyth reached me on Saturday last. I had not heard of his illness, and the intelligence startled me with a mournful surprise. The past came rushing over my memory, and scenes and incidents which were growing dim and obscure, suddenly became vivid and fresh like the occurrence of yesterday.

"No living person has exercised so great an influence upon my whole course of life as Dr. Smyth. He sought me out a stranger in Charleston, when I had no friends and but few acquaintances, and to his kindness, constant and unremitted, I owe, under God, all I am, and whatever of good I have accomplished in the ministry.

"Had it not been for his counsel and advice, I do not see in what way, or by what means, I ever should have entered the Gospel ministry. I loved him as a father, and now that he has gone to his rest and reward, he rises in my memory as the best, the noblest man I ever saw.

"If ever a man consecrated his all to Christ, and spent his life in the service of the Master, it was he.

"With what accumulated learning, what splendid eloquence, what zeal and enthusiasm did he plead for Jesus and His kingdom, before disease touched his body, and how, after his repeated prostrations, did he toil on and labor on with untiring devotion to the last. I confess that nothing in all the annals of martyrdom which I have read, gives me such an idea of true Christian heroism, as the last twenty years of Dr. Smyth's life. But he has gone, and the world

seems poorer to me than it was, and Heaven appears all the brighter. God grant that I may meet him above, and resume an intercourse which was never darkened for an instant by an unpleasant thought, or word, or act. I shall ever treasure his memory with the profoundest admiration and love."

## REV. ROBERT IRVINE, D. D.

AUGUSTA, GA., August 25, 1873.

"The announcement of Dr. Smyth's death, though not surprising, has awakened in my poor heart a pang of sorrow, as I had still hoped to enjoy the coveted pleasure and privilege of at least another day of his delightful company.

"I have been familiar with his name since my boyhood, and during the rage of the Puseyite controversy, from 1834 to 1841, every one in our Irish Church was compelled to take some interest in the question.

"One of the first books I read, after furnishing myself with 'the Tracts for the Times,' was Dr. Smyth's work on Episcopacy. From the day of my arrival in British America, I longed to meet him; but, in the Providence of God, never secured the opportunity until your kind invitation accorded me the never-to-be-forgotten privilege.

"I regard the day I spent with Dr. Smyth in driving around Charleston and its suburbs, as one of the most delightful I have ever spent since my arrival on the Continent. The quick, active and undying mind, so copiously stored with every variety of useful, but

especially of theological knowledge, literally amazed me, whilst its working powers were at times only hampered by an enfeebled articulation.

"One thing impressed me with peculiar force—it was the profound interest he seemed to feel in his congregation. Having escorted me through the burying ground, and pointed to the memorials of the dead, and read many of the inscriptions on the tombstones, accompanying each with some remark on the life or death of the departed, he said, 'this is my sleeping congregation;' and added 'I know I'll meet many of them in Heaven.' On reaching the gate he said, 'we must live for the living.'

"Then his interest in the Church (South) was no way weakened by his feeble health. Her schemes of Home and Foreign Missions, her seminaries for the sons of the prophets, her courts, superior and inferior, her law and order, were themes on which his mind seemed to dwell with intense concern."

## REV. DAVID WILLS, D. D.

ATLANTA, GA., August 26th, 1873.

"I have just learned with pain of the death of my distinguished friend, the Rev. Dr. Smyth. This sad event, which in the natural course of things might have been anticipated, has excited profound grief in the hearts of thousands beyond the limits of the city in which it transpired. No minister in this country was more widely known or more generally revered, and his fame as a theologian and preacher,, had even filled the old world. Dr. Smyth was a great and a

good man, and the whole Church has sustained a severe loss in his departure. All Christian denominations will mourn his death and cherish his memory, and all the generations of the righteous will read his writings with profound interest and delight.

"I have known Dr. Smyth intimately since 1857, when I was elected, at his instance, co-pastor with him, and I can honestly say that I have never been associated with a man of purer heart, more conscientious convictions, simpler manners, and of more sincere and faithful friendship. He was a Christian gentleman in every sense. He was the closest student I have ever known. His labors were herculean, his industry indefatigable. Twelve o'clock at night generally found him deeply absorbed in his studies. He possessed immense mental resources. He seemed literally to devour the vast library of choice volumes which wealth and learning enabled him to procure. We are inclined to think that no pastor in America has ever read as much, written as much, visited his people as much, preached as much, and prayed as much as Dr. Smyth. In these respects he was the wonder of the age. In the midst of protracted and prostrating bodily afflictions, he achieved prodigious results through the pulpit and the press.

"Dr. Smyth was a great natural orator, and at times his eloquence was absolutely thrilling. I have never heard a more eloquent man in the Church courts, and on special occasions.

"He lived in constant communion with God, and his soul was ever alive to the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom. His zeal for the house of the Lord consumed his life, and glowed brightly amid the gloom of death."

## REV. JOHN D. MATTHEWS, D. D.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, August 26th, 1873.

"I saw this morning the brief obituary of my life-long friend and brother beloved. I had feared this result; yet his letter of a recent date indicated that his general health had improved. Such a death, after so long service in his Master's vineyard, was to be expected. He died as he lived, 'in the harness,' and faithfully doing his duty. 'He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him. He died in the Lord, and is blessed.'

"He was my intimate friend, from the first day he came to Princeton till he "fell on sleep." I have often recalled those happy and peaceful days passed together in dear old Princeton, and the frequent interviews we have had in the past years. When we meet again, I believe it will be to part no more forever.

"He was one of nature's noblemen! His children will 'arise and bless him in the gates.' His people will remember him to love and honor him. Think of him as happy and joyous, free from sin, and disease, and pain, and weeping, climbing the sun-lit steeps of glory, and chanting the litany of free grace—free grace!

"I thank God for the life, the labors, and the fitting death of such a friend, classmate, and brother. 'May my last end be like his!'"

## REV. B. M. PALMER, D. D.

NEW ORLEANS, August 27th, 1873.

"I am almost afraid to approach you under the first shock of your great bereavement. Yet, how can I be still, when so many memories crowd upon me of him

whom the Lord has taken? Even in your own desolation, when the heart yearns to be let alone in its sorrow, there will be a melancholy pleasure in knowing how many all over the land sit down with you in the ashes, and mourn over the loss which is theirs too as well as yours. The Church can sustain no greater blow than when a truly good man falls; and tears of honest grief must be shed over the graves of those whose lives were a continual exposition of the precepts of virtue and the maxims of religion. It would be simple mockery, however, to pronounce his eulogy to you, who knew him so much better than all of us; only, this much you will suffer: that I think God put a two-fold honor upon his servant—first, in allowing him, through a long life of rare industry, to preach with eloquence and power the gospel of His grace; and then, at its close, to illuminate his own teachings by the exhibition of those passive virtues which most adorn the Christian, and which can only be acquired under the discipline of sorrow and pain. He has, then, been a double witness for his Master, with the matchless eloquence which fell from his lips, that seemed, at times, almost inspired, and with the superior eloquence of a mind submissive to his Father's will.

"But now he is at rest from both; from all the toil of his active years, and from all the weariness and watching of his later years of patience. Do you not love him enough to wish him joy in his immortal ascension? Is it not the property of true love to be unselfish? And can you not sink the egotism of your own grief in a generous sympathy with his supreme happiness? * * * * * * *

" * * * I remember a sermon of his, twenty years ago, in which he said that the sweetest concep-

tion to him of Heaven was its REST! How much more after the intervening years of suffering and weariness! Let me, however, restrain this loquacity. I did not take up the pen to utter the commonplaces of sympathy, only to say that I mourn with you. Could I be present, I would not utter a word, but in silence share your sadness. If I have written words, it is only because a blank sheet would have represented nothing." * * * * * *

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## REV. NEHEMIAH ADAMS, D. D.

BOSTON, September 1st, 1873.

"Can it be possible that dear Dr. Smyth is no longer with us? I had had no intimation that his end was anticipated when I received the intelligence of the funeral services. The shock to me was great. He was a large part of Charleston to me ever since I knew him. He came and took tea with us early after my arrival in your city last February. I was impressed then, as before and since, with the accuracy of his knowledge, and the great urbanity of his manners. Two drives which I had with him gave me more of an idea of Charleston than I ever had: one, to see the jessamine fields, and the other the westerly part of your city, both of which helped me to complete my image of your beautiful place.

"He had a rare faculty of drawing us to him; there was a magnetism about him which few possessed. His method of praising those whom he approved, was eminently instructive, so discriminating, so well expressed, that his words were incisive, as I could illustrate from several conversations about good men.

"He must be a very happy spirit in the company of the redeemed. How many in this and in the old country were cherished friends of his. How many were loved by him for their excellent character, which he seemed peculiarly ready to appreciate.

"His endurance of infirmity so long was a triumph of mind over matter. None could see it without reverencing him. I cannot with composure think of his not being in Charleston; yet I feel happy to think of his promotion to a seat of glory and honor and immortality. Few men have I ever met abroad whom I loved as I did him. I always expected to be more sure of some things after seeing him than I was before. His memory will be a constant joy to me as often as I think of Charleston."

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## REV. L. PIERCE, D. D.

COLUMBUS, GA., September 2d, 1873.

"Your tender allusions to your venerable father's expected demise was assured in the announcement of it five days afterwards. In the language of nature I offer you my condolence; but I was struck with the first impression the announcement made upon me. It was that after a man has served his generation by the will of God, and reached a point where, either by old age, or by disease, he can do no more, death is not only a blessing, but a privilege. Your father's record is written in lines of memorial honors won on the field of moral warfare, honors imperishable both in Heaven and in earth. You can only mourn in view of worldly ties. On the immortal ties of life hang no gloomy clouds."

## REV. CHARLES A. STILLMAN, D. D.

Tuscaloosa, Alabama, September 12th, 1873.

"I never can forget his faithful and powerful preaching, nor his instrumentality in leading me out of darkness and doubt, and into the Saviour's fold, for he sought me while I lingered outside the Zion of God, and so kindly instructed and encouraged me. And then he helped me through the embarrassing obstacles in my way to the ministry; he watched over my studies, and then regarded my early efforts with parental indulgence, and continued to express so much interest in every step of my ministerial career. Never can I forget him, or cease to cherish his memory, and I may say many similar things of our whole family and their relations to him. I do not speak of his great learning and noble efforts for the truth, and the large and distinguished sphere he filled in the Church, these are topics for others to dwell upon; I claim a nearer place, and ask to lay on his tomb the tribute of love and gratitude due from a favored and loving son to a loving and faithful spiritual father."

## REV. THOMAS HOUSTON, D. D.

Knockbracken Manse, Belfast, Ireland,
September 12th, 1873.

* * * "Dr. Smyth was spared till all *his* work was done on earth, and till *God's* good work was accomplished in him, and then he was taken to reign with Christ, after he had suffered with Him and for Him. His works will follow him, and the fruits of

his labors, both from the pulpit and the press, will long hence redound in honor to Christ and a blessing to the Church.

"When I reflect upon the tender, lengthened intercourse that I was privileged with Dr. Smyth, and think that this is now, as far as earth is concerned, at an end, I assure you that I feel a sense of deep loneliness, and I can, therefore, cordially sympathize with his bereaved family. This intercourse commenced when he was a boy in the household of his excellent parents, and when he was under my care as a pupil in one of our best educational establishments in Belfast. At that early age, he gave marked indications of many of the high mental and moral qualities, for which, in future life, he was so distinguished. He was systematic in the arrangements of his time and studies, ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, as he readily distanced competitors in the race for academical distinctions. Above all, I marked in him the manifestations of deep, early piety, as I admired greatly his gentle, amiable, loving disposition. Having been led, in the grace and providence of my Lord and Master, to originate a Juvenile Missionary Association, and some other schemes of Christian benevolence, which were then rare among students and members of the Church generally, Dr. Smyth, then in the opening vigor of his mental powers, threw himself into them with all his heart, and rendered me and the cause most efficient service. At this long distance of time, I have a vivid remembrance of our consultations on subjects connected with the advancement of the kingdom of Christ, and of some of the thrilling speeches which he spoke at our public meetings, convened for this object. I may not,

however, farther intrude upon your time and feelings by the mention of reminiscences, which are precious to me. While, with you and your family, I mourn that that endeared communion on earth with one so worthy is now at an end, I rejoice that he has received the Crown of Life, and that he now sees unspeakably more of the Master's glory than he could ever behold on earth. His memory will ever be fragrant and precious to me in no ordinary degree."

## REV. THOMAS HOUSTON, D. D.

KNOCKBRACKEN MANSE, BELFAST, IRELAND,
September 23d, 1873.

"*Mr. Ellison A. Smyth:* MY DEAR SIR—With your excellent father, I had in early life the most endeared intimacy, and I regarded it as a peculiar privilege to be honored so many years with his friendship, and to have been favored with his correspondence. I ever admired his earnest, devoted and loving spirit, and I can truly rejoice in spirit in the manifold token of his Master's covenant favor towards him, in the labor which He enabled him to do, for the honor of His name, and the acceptance which He gave him with His people in many places.

"The great trials through which your father was called to pass of late years, were, I cannot doubt, sent to wean him from earth, to prepare him for the Heavenly state, and to make his rest in glory more sweet as he reached it after much weakness and suffering. Few things, in my view, can be more striking and attractive than to mark, in the last twenty years

of your father's life—since the time in which he was first struck with paralysis—his earnest devotedness to the service of the Master whom he dearly loved, and the singular grace given him to do so much for His cause and Church, when he was so tried with public calamities, and with physical weakness. Truly as his day was, so was gracious strength given him. His sun went down calmly, and with no ordinary splendor; and long, long will his memory diffuse a rich spiritual fragrance.

"Let me assure you that I shall ever reflect on it as a singular privilege to myself, that I occupied a place in your father's thoughts and affections, in the last days of his earthly life, and that among the last expressions of tender affection to which he gave utterance, were those which were contained in the letter, which he dictated to you. I feel that I am thereby laid under deeper obligations ever to cherish his memory, cordially to love his family, and, above all, to seek to walk in the spirit, which in his fond partiality he ascribed to me. I greatly desire that I may be enabled through grace to follow him, as he followed Christ, and as he now, through faith and patience, inherits the promises."

## REV. WM. HAMILTON, D. D.

NORTHFIELD, SUMMIT CO., OHIO, Oct. 6th, 1873.

*To the Family of the Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D.:*

"DEAR FRIENDS—You may, perhaps, have heard your excellent and now lamented father mention the name of an old Belfast classmate, Wm. Hamilton. You will, therefore, I hope, excuse the intrusion of this letter.

"The Rev. Dr. Alexander Macklin, of the Scotch Church, in Philadelphia; the Rev. Dr. Blackwood, of the same city; the Rev. James Lewers, once a pastor near Charleston, were our contemporaries. Dr. Blackwood and I are now the only remaining ones of those who emigrated.

"Nearly thirty years ago, I saw Dr. Smyth in Belfast. He had then published several important works, chiefly on church government. I had the pleasure of receiving him as a guest at my house in New Brunswick, New Jersey, about the year 1860. He had then been stricken with partial paralysis, but his mind had lost none of its enthusiasm or activity.

"Since then we have never met, but we often exchanged correspondence. I have before me now on my desk three of my old friend's precious letters. The first was written in 1869, with a firm, bold hand; the second, dated in 1871, exhibits signs of age and feebleness; the third, traced with a lead pencil is very shaky and irregular. It seems dated in February of the present year.

"The second is much more spiritual than the first. The third, in its simple, earnest, kindly advices to myself, and its fervid aspirations after Heaven, gives most interesting and comforting evidences, that, with failing powers, the writer was ripening for glory.

"My first recollections of your father go back to our school days. We read Horace and Homer together in the schools of the Royal Belfast Institute. I have a mental daguerreotype of my class-mate taking short notes, in very small blank books, which he carried in his vest pocket, so early did his character for learned research begin to assert itself.

"It was to me a matter of deep regret that Dr.

Smyth suffered so severely during the war by the loss of property. Perhaps, after all, it was the discipline my dear friend required, to prepare him for a world of unbroken happiness. What does it now signify to him that he died in comparative poverty? He was heavily pressed by great public and private calamities, but he still retained the love of Jesus. He still felt an ardent desire, and still was permitted, with some of his once pre-eminent ability, to preach the Gospel; and he was still busy with his pen in literary labors on religious subjects. He now rests in peace after all his troubles."

* * * * * *

"Sincerely sympathising in your loss, which indeed is also my own, I remain in the concluding words in one of your father's letters, his 'quondam class-mate,' and, for his sake, your sincere friend in the bonds of the Gospel." WILLIAM HAMILTON.

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## REV. G. R. BRACKETT.

August 24th, 1873.

"I did not know how much I was leaning upon your dear father, until he was taken from us. It is not generally known that the 'improvement' in my preaching, which I have heard frequently remarked, during the past year, is due entirely to his suggestions. He has done more for me, in this respect, than the Theological Seminary."

## MR. G. J. A. COULSON.

NEW YORK, 17th September, 1873.

"What a royal inheritance you have in the midst of your tears. The tried warrior, who has 'fought the good fight and kept the faith,' has suddenly been promoted to the crown by his great Captain. You *know* he wears it, and you would not uncrown him if you could. His life of work and warfare is a large part of his Church's history. You weep for *yourself*, not for him, and you find comfort in affliction."

## REV. JOHN B. ADGER, D. D.

BOSCOBEL, August 22d, 1873.

"I have not one thought that is sad or gloomy respecting such a death as Brother Smyth's, and I cannot speak to you in any other language but that of congratulation. * * * The measure of his days, all things considered, was full. He had lived long, for he had lived fast. He had accomplished a great work. It was time for him to enter into rest. He had worn himself out. His mission was finished. And now he is at rest—no more weariness, or pain, or trouble, or sorrow. And now also he is *perfect*. With the body, every imperfection drops, and he is now complete in the image of his Lord, and waits for us on the other side.

"What a goodly company are gathering in the upper sanctuary, and how soon we shall all be gone hence! If we can but *attain* as they have done! Naught in the world besides is worth living for.

## ROBERT ADGER, ESQ.

WRITTEN FROM CRESSON, PA., Aug. 26th, 1873.

"I can contemplate the removal of Dr. Smyth if not with joy, at least without grief. To him the change has been one of unspeakable happiness. After a life spent usefully in his Master's service on earth, with all his pains and sufferings over, he has entered into rest, and his works do follow him. Glorious reward! Why should we mourn for him? Often in looking at him, have I wondered, with all his terrible sufferings and infirmities, how uniform and remarkable was his strong and unvarying assurance of faith. Now in rich fruition he enjoys his reward and sees face to face the glory of his Saviour. How can we grieve for him? Would that I too could feel his undoubting assurance, that one day, perhaps not far distant, we may all meet with him and those dear ones who have gone before him in the mansions of rest in Heaven."

## J. ELLISON ADGER, ESQ.

WRITTEN FROM HOT SPRINGS, VA.,
August 24th, 1873.

"A few moments since the mail from Charleston brought the tidings of the death of Dr. Smyth, which has taken me greatly by surprise. As while I well knew he was failing fast, and that it was only a question of time in his case, I was not at all prepared to hear of its rapid termination. * * * *

"It has pleased our Father to take him more quickly and thus spare his aged servant the affliction of a lingering helplessness, which, even if unaccompanied by pain would, amount in his case, to a punishment which he would find it hard to bear, and which would indeed be a source of great distress to all about him.

"He has been removed from a life of pain and suffering and great and sore disappointment, to one of unspeakable bliss and happiness, where he will wear a crown of *many, many* stars."

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Floral College, No. Ca., Sept. 8th, 1873.

"August will ever be to me a sad month—my precious mother and my sympathizing, spiritual father both passed into glory on—I believe—the same day of the month, though different years. I would not call them back, if I could, to suffer, toil and grieve, as all of us who are left have to do; even the wish would be selfish. But, oh, how I shall ever miss them; their advice, love and sympathy I counted among my chief blessings, and cannot endure the thought that it is all lost to me. I do not, my dear friend, expect to say anything to mitigate your sorrow, it would be presumption in me to try, but as I would, if still living in Charleston, have mingled my tears with yours over his grave, permit me to assure you and his children of my sincere and loving sympathy. My affection for Dr. Smyth was that of a child for a father. While he lived, he knew I venerated him, and he *now* knows that he guided my idolized father's steps to his Saviour, strengthened my mother's faith, and was of more use to my brother and myself than words can express. Did I write *was*, his influence still exists; the recollection of words that he uttered, acts that he performed and afflictions he endured with a martyr-like spirit, will help us to fight the good fight and keep the faith until our course is also finished. God grant that we too may have the 'crown of life.'"

## W. DALTON WARREN, ESQ.

PENDLETON, September 14, 1873.

"Dr. Smyth was a war-worn soldier of his heavenly King; covered with the honorable wounds of a long earthly warfare, and fell, not in defeat, but rose to Heaven on the shout of victory, to be told by Him, he had so long and so faithfully served, "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord!" Then no more warfare, no more sorrow, no more sickness, no more *death.* Henceforth, there is laid up for him a crown of everlasting rejoicing."

FLAT ROCK, August 26th, 1873.

"In mysterious wisdom, yet, *we* know, in love to all affected thereby, Dr. Smyth has been caused to toil a painful road ere he reached the mansion of rest prepared for him. Now he is resting.

"No *bitter* tears can we shed for him. We will miss him, oh so much! My loss is great! He has ever been to me a most beloved friend and pastor. Not a ripple has ever disturbed our friendship. Never can I forget his tender sympathy, wise counsel and real comfort, when again and again I have been caused to pass under the rod. The cup of sorrow was changed into one of thanksgiving when held up by him, my dear pastor and friend, in the clear light of Jesus' love, and the wonderful ingredients pointed out by his skilful, loving analysis, and its adaptation to my need. Oh what a crown is now his, beaming with bright stars, and the number will be ever increasing, for he, although dead, yet speaketh to hundreds; and no

limit is there to those thirsty ones, who at his 'Well in the Valley' may be, and I pray will be, taught to drink of those waters, which when once tasted in our souls, we thirst no more."

## REV. G. R. BRACKETT.

CHARLESTON, December 22d, 1873.

*Mr. J. Adger Smyth:*

MY DEAR SIR: Your kind note expressing, in behalf of your family circle, the gratification afforded by my unworthy "Memorial" of your deceased father, and requesting a copy of the same for family use, is received. In reply, let me thank you for the generous charity that covers its manifold defects, and accept the humble urn, a sincere heart has placed upon his grave, in lieu of a monument, which only a genius, like his own, is competent to rear, and which would be worthy of him. You are aware that it was with no affectation of modesty that I shrank from taking up my feeble pencil to reproduce such a portrait, and would gladly, for your sakes, as well as for reverence for his memory, have remitted the difficult task to other hands. But I feel that I shall have occasion to rejoice as long as I live, that this "labor of love" has fallen to my hands, and that I have experienced the powerful inspiration which comes from a life so full of moral beauty and grandeur. It may well date a new era in my life, which must ever be indebted to him, for the quickening impulse he has given to the noblest and manliest energies. Whatever of excellencies my imperfect

portraiture may possess, they are owing more to the inspiration of the subject, than to the skill of the artist. It was my aim to avoid, as far as possible, the language of fulsome eulogy, and do simple justice to the character and labors of a great and good man, whose exceeding goodness was the crown of his greatness. I have never known a man who carried a heart so large and so full of tender emotions, in the bosom of so great an intellect, which was itself a library of learning. The tendency of a high degree of mental culture and excessive study, to dry up the springs of emotion, and to chill all the sweet and tender amenities of the heart, was so completely counteracted in the case of Dr. Smyth, that it deserves to be noted as one of his distinguishing characteristics. His genial piety shone like a pleasant smile, through the sterner features of his mind, so that no one could know him without loving him. The workings of his mind could no more be analyzed, without encountering everywhere the play of his loving, Christ-like affections, than the body could be dissected without touching at every point a vein or an artery.

I must not forget to express my thanks to your family, for the unrestricted liberty allowed me in the use of your father's autobiographical papers, and the unlimited confidence reposed in me, in committing them to my hand. I need not say how sacredly I have held this trust.

The manuscript will be placed at your disposal.

Sincerely yours,

G. R. BRACKETT.

# APPENDIX.

At a meeting of the Second Presbyterian Church, held on Sunday, 27th November, 1870, the following letter was presented:

CHARLESTON, S. C., November 18th, 1870.

*To the Session and Male Pew Holders*
*of the Second Presbyterian Church:*

MY DEAR BRETHREN: About this time in November, 1831, I arrived in Charleston from Princeton Theological Seminary, in accordance with an invitation from you to preach in your then vacant Church.

In April of the following year, I received a unanimous call to remain with you and become your pastor. Since that time I have lived and labored among you as the spiritual bride of my youth, being then twenty-three years of age, in all mutual love and assiduity of devoted service to promote your prosperity and happiness. We have seen together many seasons of deep affliction and bereavement. Of the seven hundred and seventy-one members added to the Church during my ministry, but a few abide in the flesh, or remain with us. Of a glorious company of them—fathers, mothers, and children—we can rejoice in believing that they are now members of the Church triumphant in Heaven, with the four beloved pastors and all their flock who had preceded them.

We have had, too, our many times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, when songs of rejoicing over new born souls have been heard in our assemblies and dwellings, and among the angels of God. We have had also the happiness of seeing our

Church spread her roots, and spring up in vigorous trees, and impart life to many other Churches throughout the land. And our Church is still showing the signs not only of leaves, but of buds and fruits, springing up after the howling wintry desolation of war, and various trials and losses, she has made steady growth, and has attained to a condition of unity, peace, concord, and energetic efficiency seldom exceeded in her most flourishing days. Seldom have we passed a communion season without some additions; and even during my recent silence and absence, a goodly number of the children of the Church have been added to our Christian family. Well officered by honored brethren, both in the temporal and spiritual government of the Church; full of love towards myself and each other, with loving hopes and prayers for my continuance with you; unsolicited by any intimation from you, I now, with many tears and prayers for self-sacrificing grace, send you my resignation of your call and of my pastoral office, and request you to join me in seeking, in the lawful order prescribed by Christ in his spiritual courts, a divorce of our marriage union; and to unite with me in opening the way for the formation of such another holy and happy union with your young and lovely Church, as may bring to it the consecrated heart, life, and activities of a suitable pastor.

I had formed this conclusion while absent in Virginia, but thought it best to return and make an experiment among you of my vocal powers; and although in my efforts in public speaking during the last week, during the Sabbath communion services, and again in ordination of the Rev. Mr. Gowan on Sabbath evening, I felt more encouraged than I had

previously done, yet on learning at the Court of Deacons last evening that your arrangement for the supply of the pulpit was closed, and another would become necessary, I have concluded that this is the best and proper occasion to present this my letter of resignation.

With heartfelt prayers to Christ, our Shepherd and Bishop, that He would look upon your flock with sympathy and kindness, and guide you to a pastor after his own heart; and with soul, heart and mind, as ever, ready to be offered a living sacrifice upon the service of your faith and love, were it the Lord's will to grant me continued ability,

I remain yours in the Lord,

THOMAS SMYTH.

The following preamble and resolutions were then unanimously adopted:

The letter of our Pastor announcing that his bodily infirmity will prevent his further ministrations among us, and his desire consequent thereon to dissolve the *Pastoral* relations, which have bound us together for so many years, fills us with no ordinary emotions.

Beyond the memory of the large majority of our congregation, he has borne the sacred office over this flock, and broken to us the bread of life—our parents, our brethren, our children under his ministry have been received into the fold of Christ. And under the strong influence of affection and of habit, we have looked up to him as our spiritual father. The blessing of the Spirit of God has been richly bestowed upon his ministry, and he has been made the instrument of gathering many into the Church of Christ.

We had fain hoped that he would, to the end, have continued the master-laborer in this vineyard of the Lord. Taking this as his first charge, for nearly forty years, of uninterrupted ministry, he has enjoyed our confidence, and has won and secured for himself our respect, our veneration and our love.

But the hand of God has been laid upon him, and whilst our hearts bleed under the stroke, we recognize the act of an all-wise and beneficent Father.

Even so, however, we are yet reluctant to sever the ties which have existed so long between our Pastor and ourselves, and have bound us so happily together. But we feel that our Pastor in suggesting himself, that they should be dissevered, has recognized an imperative and overwhelming necessity. And in all affectionate tenderness, we yield to his conviction of duty, and with hearts big with emotion, we accept his resignation, but as some relief to the feelings that oppress us, we express the sense of our bereavement,

Be it, therefore,

*Resolved*, That in the resignation of our Pastor, the Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D., the Second Presbyterian Church has met with a heavy bereavement and an irreparable loss

*Resolved*, That no influence could induce us now to part from our loved and venerated Pastor, save the desire expressed by himself, and in obedience to the counsel given by himself to the flock whom he has taught and loved so long.

*Resolved*, That in retiring from the active duties of this pastorate, he carries with him that devoted love and deep veneration which we have borne for him for so many years, many of us during the period of our

lives; that he will have our constant prayers at the throne of grace that he may be restored to the full enjoyment of his health, strength and every faculty, so that he may yet again return to his place over his people.

*Resolved*, That he be unanimously elected our *Pastor Emeritus*, and that he be earnestly entreated to continue and to increase his pastoral visits among our congregation, so that at our homes and around our firesides we may still enjoy the ministrations, and be blessed with the teachings of this faithful servant of God.

*Resolved*, That a copy of this preamble and resolutions be furnished to the Session of this Church, with the request that they be laid before the Presbytery at its next session.

*Resolved*, That a copy of the same be furnished to the "Southern Presbyterian," for publication.

*Resolved*, That a copy of this preamble and resolutions be presented to our Pastor.

CHARLES H. SIMONTON, *President.*

C. P. FRAZER, *Secretary pro tem.*

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At a meeting of the Session of the Second Presbyterian Church, held on the evening of November 28th, 1870, a letter of resignation from the Pastor, Rev. Dr. Smyth, and the action of the Corporation thereon, was brought before the meeting. On motion the following minute was unanimously adopted.

This Session cannot find words to express the deep disappointment with which they learn that Dr. Smyth has felt constrained by his continued infirmities, to resign the charge he has so ably and devotedly

filled for more than a third of this century. During the whole period of his absence in the efforts to recuperate his powers, they were sustained in the separation, by the thought, that in answer to the prayers daily ascending in his behalf, from their family altars and the sanctuary, he would be restored to them with his wonted health and abilty.

And now, although these hopes are well nigh blasted, they yet feel that the great head of the Church, if it be His will, can pronounce the word "Ephphatha," and enable him, for many years to come, to proclaim the Gospel of Christ.

Until their Pastor is summoned to his reward, they will to this end both hope and pray; and at the same time acknowledge with gratitude, the mercy which spares to them his presence, his blessing, his counsel and his prayers. Be it, therefore,

*Resolved*, That this Session heartily sympathizes with the Congregation in the resolutions they have so feelingly adopted, and gratefully avail themselves of the privilege afforded them of continuing their intimate and endearing relations with their "*Pastor Emeritus.*"

*Resolved*, That Dr. Smyth be requested to meet with this Session whenever convened, and, until some other Pastor is elected by the Congregation, to Moderate their sessions.

*Resolved*, That Dr. Smyth be furnished with a copy of these resolutions, by the Clerk.

Extract from the Minutes of Session.

J. ADGER SMYTH,
*Clerk of Session.*

*Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D.:*

DEAR BROTHER: At the recent sessions of the Synod of South Carolina, at Anderson C. H., S. C., the following minute was adopted, viz:

"A communication from our venerable Brother, Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D., with reference to his feeble health, was read; and, on motion of Rev. Dr. J. L. Wilson, the Stated Clerk was directed to write a suitable letter to Dr. Smyth, expressive of the tender interest and sympathy of this Synod in the trials of our afflicted Brother."

Previous to the meeting of Synod, we had heard, with profound sorrow, of the feeble health and sore trials with which it had pleased the Lord to afflict you; and now your letter reminds us not only of your continued afflictions, but also that we are deprived of your presence and valuable counsels in our assembly. But we rejoice to learn that there are evidences of returning health, and restoration to those useful labors for which the Master has so well fitted you, and in the successful prosecution of which your whole ministerial life has been so eminently blessed. It is our earnest prayer that our Lord may long spare you for great usefulness in the Church, and that He will continue to support and comfort you in all the trials through which you may be called to pass. Venerable and beloved Brother, we need not remind you of the unfailing source of strength and consolation for all the weak and afflicted children of God. Your own happy experience testifies more fully than any thing we can say to the abounding grace of God, the preciousness of Jesus Christ, and the comforting presence of the Holy Ghost. From the pulpit

and the press, your eloquent words have often conveyed comfort to thousands of the afflicted people of God, as you portrayed the love, the sympathy and preciousness of Him who is almighty to save, and who sustains to all His suffering people a relation infinitely dearer than that of any earthly friend. Take, then, dear Brother, that precious comfort from the promises of God, to which you have so often directed us.

Long will the Synod remember the delightful refreshment afforded by one of your last sermons delivered before us, (at the Brick Church in Sumter, shortly after the close of the late war,) in which you spoke of the tender love of our Saviour, His presence and sympathy in all our personal trials, and His almighty power and constant care over His Church.

Nor can your brethren, especially those of us who have been long associated with you in the Synod of South Carolina and Georgia, and afterwards in the Synod of South Carolina, forget the deep interest you excited in our breasts, in behalf of the great work of Foreign Missions, and the prosperity of our Theological Seminary at Columbia, an institution which we trust will be perpetuated in our Church in connection with your name.

It is, indeed, a dark Providence, by which our Synod, within five or six years past, has lost so many of its faithful and active members. From the roll of our Synod, about one-fourth of our number has been lost by death and removal to other fields of labor, while comparatively few have come in to recruit our ranks. And soon, doubtless, others must cease from our ministry here. How much, then, dear Brother, as a Synod, do we feel the affliction which deprives

us of the presence and counsels of one whom we venerate and love so much. And if we should not be permitted to enjoy your presence, and be guided by your wisdom and experience in our annual Synodical meetings on earth, we trust that, by Divine grace, in due time, we shall meet you in "the General Assembly and the Church of the first born written in Heaven."

Yours in the bonds of tender sympathy and Christian affection.

By order of Synod.

WM. BANKS, *Stated Clerk.*

*Anderson, S. C., November 18th,* 1870.

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REV. B. M. PALMER, D. D.

New Orleans, January 17th, 1873.

"*My Very Dear Friend and Brother:* I was greatly touched to-day, in taking a letter from the postoffice, and upon breaking the seal, recognizing the familiar hand-writing, crampt now and trembling with disease, so unlike the bold and easy pen with which you wrote in former days. It was kind in you to think of me at all, especially to take the trouble of writing a letter, so affectionate and tender; I thank you for it, and can but feebly express the gratitude I feel. We are burdened just now with a great sorrow, and our hearts are strangely tender. Every word of sympathy and love, sweeps across them, and sets the chords to trembling. * * * * *

You too, my venerable brother, have felt the sore discipline of God, in another form. Heavy reverses of earthly fortune; the sudden descent from affluence

to dependent poverty; and above all, the premature decay of physical power, disabling you from the work you so much love, while the mental faculties retain all their original activity and freshness. This last cannot but be a peculiar trial, drawing as deeply, as any other, upon the submission and patience of the soul. We have all admired the cheerfulness with which you have borne it, the constancy of your faith in the Redeemer, the zeal for His glory which burns yet beneath the ashes of your decaying energies, and the unsurpassed power of will which has kept you alive till now. We have not only admired, but we have magnified God through you; and it should be a large consolation to you in the midst of these trials, that perhaps never in the day of your eloquence and power, did you so effectually proclaim the riches of divine grace, as by these passive Christian virtues, which have made the close of your life so illustrious. It would be a partial word to say merely, that you have the constant sympathy of all your friends; you have immeasurably more, their warm affection, and their boundless admiration, in their acceptance of you, in all these tribulations, as a faithful witness for our common Master, a splendid exemplar of endurance, through the power of a holy and increasing love. May God continue to bless you to the end, and grant to you the great privilege of closing the scene by a final, and clear testimony to the abounding riches of His grace. I pray fervently that your life may run out clear to its very last drop, and that, in the full exercise of all your faculties, you may tell us at the last, how unspeakably precious Jesus is to His Saints."

[*New York Observer, April* 16, 1874.]

"The Christian Warrior Crowned," is the title of a Discourse commemorative of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Smyth, for many years well and widely known pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Charleston, S. C. He was born at Belfast in 1808, and educated in part at Belfast College, prosecuting his theological course at Highbury College, London, and completing it after coming to this country in 1830, at Princeton Seminary. For more than forty years he continued in his pastoral relations to the same people, and acquired a reputation for scholarship, ability and fidelity to the gospel which extended over the land. The author of the discourse, Dr. Smyth's successor, the Rev. G. R. Brackett, pays a fitting tribute to the character, worth and labors of one whose name fills a large place in the Presbyterian history of the Southern States.

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[*Southern Presbyterian, April* 23, 1874.]

The Christian Warrior Crowned: A Discourse commemorative of the life, character and labors of the Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D. Delivered in the Second Presbyterian Church, Charleston, S. C., December 14th, 1873. By the Rev. G. R. Brackett, Pastor. Printed at request of the congregation. Pp. 63. 8vo.

A beautiful tribute to the memory of the old and worn-out Pastor, by his youthful successor and the flock he served so long and so devotedly. Mr. Brackett makes it evident on every page that the preparation of this memorial has been with him indeed a labor of love. Like Elijah's mantle and Elijah's

spirit which were both given to Elisha to wear, so may the energy, and the courage, and the force, and the untiring patience of his predecessor's ministry all belong to him who now sustains that time-honored and responsible charge, and his own feeble physical frame equally with Dr. Smyth's be replenished continually with new strength to run a race equally long and equally successful.

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[*Southern Presbyterian, April* 30, 1874.]

## AN ESTIMATE OF TRUE GREATNESS.

The late Dr. Smyth, of Charleston, was a great man, a great preacher and a great Christian. The Rev. Mr. Brackett has very successfully exhibited the leading features in the character of this eminent servant of our Church in his Memorial Sermon, which we noticed last week. , Such a man, and such a minister as Dr. Smyth was, ought not to be suffered to pass from amongst the Christian people of his generation, not to say the members of our own Presbyterian communion, without some such effort as this Memorial Discourse, to recount his merits, record his labors and set forth the lessons of his life. Few men in our Southern Synods, for the half century past, have equalled Dr. Smyth in learning, eloquence, energy, courage, faithfulness, industry, perseverance, devotion and whatever other qualities go to make up exalted ministerial character. We go further and say that few equals of Dr. Smyth, in all these respects, have in fifty years appeared in the Presbyterian bodies or in any of the Christian denominations of the whole land.

Mr. Brackett has faithfully and truly sketched the peculiar characteristics of Dr. Smyth, as a preacher and as a pastor, giving particular prominence to the zeal he always manifested for the work of the foreign propagation of the faith. In this matter his influence in the Synod to which he belonged was such as hardly any other man amongst us has exerted. So likewise Dr. Smyth was greatly distinguished by his affectionate interest in the colored people, and by his bold advocacy of the work of their religious instruction. At a time when unchristian prejudices all around him opposed this righteous undertaking in a certain particular form assumed by it, and when there was required a truly brave soul to encounter the furious and wicked opposition excited, he stood amongst the foremost in defence of what was right and wise and good.

Very properly is Dr. Smyth held up by one whom Mr. Brackett quotes as not so great in the pulpit, where generally he read his sermons, as he was in the lecture-room where he spoke *ex tempore;* nor so great in the lecture-room as he was on the platform; nor so great on the platform as he was on the floor of the deliberative assembly; nor so great there when upon the strong as when upon the weak side. It was *in reply*, and for a lost cause as it seemed, and when there was for his side apparently no hope—it was then especially that Dr. Smyth was great and dangerous to his opponents. Indeed, it is our opinion that Dr. Smyth was not called to authorship, but oratory, and that it was speech and not writing for which he was so pre-eminent. And yet he certainly accomplished a great deal of good with his fearless, able and zealous pen; and amongst his numerous works there are some at

least which seem destined to live. His "Well in the Valley," and his "Why do I Live?" are two of his works signalized by his memorialist, and very justly, as of the highest merit, whose usefulness, already very marked, time is not likely to impair.

After all, the most prominent trait of Dr. Smyth's character was, as Mr. Brackett properly says, an indomitable will. Never did he interpret apparently insurmountable obstacles or appalling dangers as a providential call to lay down his arms or quit the field of combat. Difficulties never terrified him. Opposition only goaded him to more resolute and persevering efforts. The greater the odds against him, the higher would rise his courage to do all and dare all to vindicate his principles. He even held that the will can conquer pain; and so, one dark and inclement night, his whole frame writhing in agony, he assumed a defiant posture, and emphasizing his words with his crutch, and declaring he would "stand it no longer," pushed forth into the dismal dark against all remonstrances, and returned not until after long-continued gymnastic exercises in the open air, such as he was accustomed to, he came back as a victor, saying, "I told you so; any man may subdue pain, if he only has the will to do it."

It is, therefore, when we view Dr. Smyth *as a sufferer*, that we really behold him, as we must think, in his highest and truest greatness. He was a sufferer indeed all his life, and we do not doubt that this discipline of pain had much to do with his greatness. It was *with suffering* he waged his most heroic fight, accomplishing always in the very midst of it his full share of duty and of toil. Often indeed have we said, as we looked upon him in his decrepitude,

"There goes an old, worn-out man who yet has enough energy and force in him to stock three or four ordinary young ministers." Judge if this were not true greatness.

Two or three paragraphs from the Memorial Discourse will beautifully illustrate this point:

"Few men would have so valued life, or regarded the obligation to prolong existence, as to have endured one-half the trouble and sacrifice it cost him to live on from day to day. Sometimes when looking upon his 'poor impoverished limbs, and almost formless frame, that he felt ought to be in the grave, buried out of sight,' the struggle for life seemed utterly hopeless and equally undesirable. But the feeling of gloom was only momentary, like the shadow of a passing cloud, and applying again and more vigorously the spur and the whip of resolution, he roused his lagging spirit, and the old war-horse was again shaking the dusty plains with his crippled, but iron-shod energies."

"Such a life of suffering is replete with valuable lessons. . . . It teaches, first, 'that great health is not necessary to great labor, and that a feeble and imperfect constitution is not inconsistent with a long life.' The adage, that 'a sound mind must have a sound body,' and that the latter is essential to success, must be received with great qualification. The greatest thinkers and workers have, probably, been, on the whole, among the least healthy and vigorous, and often among the most sickly, dwelling in tenements, shaken by every wind. . . . . .

"Neither is perfect, uninterrupted health, necessary to enjoyment. 'I am often as merry as a cricket

which I have been endeavoring to attach to my room, that I may find a solace in its lively and soothing song, and a pleasing remembrance of childhood's scenes. I often soar with the lark in its jubilant flight toward heaven, and join in its carol and ecstatic rapture and joy. And when not in humor of positive joy and self-amusing laughter, I can often sympathize with the peaceful, playful contentment of the little kittens that perform their antics around my table, and partake of my simple fare.' "

" About four years before his tireless energies were released from the fetters of the flesh, his organs of speech were suddenly paralyzed in the midst of his midnight studies. He rose to call a servant and was surprised to find that he was incapable of articulating a word. Doubtless believing that his speech was hopelessly gone, or that he was near his end, he wrote on a slip of paper, to his wife, ' Perfect peace.' But finding that his general health was not seriously affected by this local paralysis, he immediately addressed himself to the task of regaining his lost speech, with a resolute will that was never paralyzed by discouragement or despair; and, never did he appear greater in all his grand career, than when reciting, hour after hour, and week after week, the letters of the alphabet, advancing from vowels and consonants to syllables, and from monosyllables to words and sentences, until upon the anvil of his iron will, he broke link by link the chains that bound his eloquent tongue, and, at length, shouting, like David of old, 'Awake up, my glory,' his voice rang again with the praises of the sanctuary, and the 'glad tidings of salvation.' For many years, every one had spoken of him as 'the *wonderful* man ;' but when

his mute tongue was unloosed, when this Sampson had rent asunder his fetters with the sheer force of his giant will, his friends were themselves dumb with amazement."

[*New York Observer*, *May* 28, 1874.]

## A GREAT AND GOOD IRISHMAN.

BY REV. WM. S. PLUMER, D. D.

The Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D., of Charleston, S. C., is no more among the dying, but among the living. He has gone to his Father and his God. He has left behind him friends who, like him, have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Dr. Smyth was born in Belfast, Ireland, June 14, 1808. Like many other distinguished men, he felt through life a great indebtedness to maternal love. After his mother's death he wrote: "Most blessed mother, could my thanks now reach thee in thy bright throne above, I should here, amid these falling tears, pour forth the grateful acknowledgments of thy long cherished son. I love to think of thee, my mother, of thy illimitable, inexhaustible love."

At the age of twenty-two he came to America, a graduate of Belfast College, and an open and earnest professor of Christ's religion. He was received into the Presbyterian Church at Patterson, N. J., in 1830. He studied at Princeton but one year, and in November, 1831, accepted an invitation to the Second Presbyterian Church in Charleston, S. C. Here he spent his public life in toils and labors so abundant, so

various, so useful, and so astonishing as to be a wonder to many.

Not a few of Dr. Smyth's years were spent in the midst of pain and infirmity, which would have effectually laid aside from labor almost any other man. One stroke of enervating and paralytic disease followed another until locomotion was difficult or impossible, and until he was dumb with silence. But his amazing will determined to make the dumb to speak and the lame to walk, and he did it. When at last able to say to his tongue, "Awake, my glory," it was with a joy as exultant and as grateful as perhaps any one has ever exercised.

Of the life, character and labors of this excellent man, we have a charming account in a discourse preached by his admiring and eloquent successor, Rev. G. R. Brackett. It covers sixty-three well-filled pages 8vo. No son could have written more lovingly. No orator could have uttered more exact truth. This discourse has been very properly published at the request of the congregation. It will live and be read with interest scores of years to come. Its production was, without doubt, a labor of love.

Dr. Smyth's domestic and social relations were through life of the happiest kind. No man probably put a more just estimate upon such blessings. It was a blessed privilege to see him in the bosom of his large and lovely family.

Dr. Smyth's views of the ministry closely agreed with those of Luther: "A preacher must be both a warrior and a shepherd." If David must fight with a lion and a bear or lose one of his lambs, then with a lion and a bear David will fight, and God will give the victory. But if the wild beasts will let him and his

flock alone, he will carry the lambs in his bosom, and gently lead his burdened ewes to green pastures and beside the still waters.

I feel very sure the reader will thank me for giving two paragraphs of Dr. Smyth's fine writing quoted in the discourse above referred to. The first is his description of pain: "I have often thought I could write a natural history of pain. I have known her from childhood. We have walked arm in arm, dwelt in the same house, been occupants of the same bed. She is like the chameleon of every hue, and, like Proteus, of every shape. She is sometimes as quick as light, and again like an Alexandrian line, 'drags her slow length along.' Sometimes she is as the forked lightning coursing in tortuous torture through every limb and fibre of the body, and dissolving the pent-up and collected clouds of bitterness into flooding tears; and sometimes she is that lightning in its negative form of quiet, dull monotony, or occasional playful flashes, just enough to rouse the attention and excite the fancy. Sometimes she languishes into the faint tones of an infant talking in its sleep, or like the bubbling groan of some strong swimmer in his agony, or like a strong man in the whirlwind of passion, she puts on an angel's might and mystery of power."

The other paragraph displays a lovely humility and a sweet submission to God's will: "I am sensible of my entire weakness, dependence and unworthiness. I have desired to take my place and position as God assigns it, neither taking the direction, nor refusing to follow; neither avoiding humiliation nor exaltation; having a profound sense of my own nothingness, and of my ill-desert, of any—the lowest seat among the great, wise and good, and yet believing I can be and

do all things God requires of me, through his wisdom guiding and his grace strengthening. I have endeavored to distrust myself without distrusting God, and have endured many rebuffs, many hard blows, many contemptuous remarks and actions. I have been scorched, peeled and annihilated; filled with shame and self-loathing, and would gladly, a thousand times, have sunk into the earth, or fallen as a star of night, into darkness and nothingness. I have prayed God to disappoint all my desires, blast all my schemes, and throw contempt on all my pride, so far as is necessary to my sanctification and usefulness. I have endeavored to walk humbly and softly, and to receive as well-deserved the chastisement of the Lord. If a course of discouraging circumstances and adverse prospects be designed expressly for my chastisement, may I not hope that it was meant in mercy? Raise and fix, Almighty Spirit, my fainting, wavering heart, to a true resignation, the only atmosphere of peace. Oh, penetrate me with deeper, holier, happier views of things eternal, as imminent and near at hand, as swiftly approaching and inconceivably glorious. Then, oh my God, let earthly hopes be darkness, earthly joys expire, intervening sadness, as well as final sickness and death, with all their pains lie before me, I will adore thee with a grateful heart, and pray never more to complain, but chide my every regret, and suppress all my repinings."

## LETTER FROM THE REV. H. C. DuBOSE.

SOOCHOW, CHINA, Dec. 27, 1873.

MY VERY DEAR MRS. SMYTH:

The last papers have brought me the tidings that your honoured husband has been called away from the scene of his earthly labours. From this distant land I would desire to drop a tear upon the grave of departed worth.

You remember when it was I first saw Dr. Smyth. I honoured him then as he stood amid the wreck of his bodily powers in all his grandeur. I cannot find words to tell you what an impression he made upon me. His few words to me, from time to time, made more impression upon me than the mightiest sermon. He seemed to inspire me with the thought of trying to do mighty things for the Church by the force of hard work, and oh! that sublime position of holy adoration his soul had attained. The Master took him home full of glory. He has been a giant in the Church. Oh, that God would raise up an army of preachers with his spirit.

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Most sincerely and truly,

Yours, in a heathen land,

HAMPDEN C. DuBOSE.